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Richard Westmacott Jun.
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THE

JUVENILE LAVATER.

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OR,

A Familiar Explanation

of the

Passions of Le Brun.

Calculated for the

Instruction & Entertainment of Young Persons:

INTERSPERSED WITH

Moral and Amusing Tales,

Illustrated with 19 Plates.

BY GEORGE BREWER,

Author of Hours of Leisure, Siamese Tales, &c. &c.

LONDON:

Printed at the Minerva Press,

FOR A. K. NEWMAN & Co. LEADENHALL STREET.

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MORAL AND AMUSING TALES,

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THE BENEFIT AND HAPPINESS ATTENDANT ON THE

GOOD PASSIONS,

AND

THE MISFORTUNES WHICH ENSUE THE BAD, IN THE CIRCUMSTANCES OF LIFE.

BY GEORGE BREWER,

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INTRODUCTION.

To PARENTS, and the GUARDIANS of YOUTH.

THE Doctrine of Physiognomy, as attempted to be established by the ingenious LAVATER, may, in frequent instances, appear chimerical; but there is a Physiognomy, the rules of which are always true, and whose evidences are of service to morality. The deformed Passions, disagreeable in their appearance,

and dangerous in their consequences, are of a character that may be easily understood, and the features of ugliness so faithfully described to the pupil, as to cause him to avoid vice, since it has such frightful representations as would make him hateful to himself and to others, and in consequence prefer those Passions which bestow on the countenance the beautiful and placid features of a good and quiet mind.

PREFACE.

WHEN it is considered, that in the indulgence of the good or bad Passions of the Human Mind, depends the happiness or misery of mankind, I shall not be accused of having chosen a subject beneath the province of my pen; I shall, on the other hand, have my fears even of being unequal to the task. I indulge, however, a hope, that aided by the talents of the inimitable LE BRUN, I may be able to place an inscription at least, beneath the

portraits he has so admirably delineated, and which may have some effect on the mind of the young reader, who, when he observes that the *best* people look *best* and most happy, will be inclined to become of the *best*.

LECTURE

ON THE

PASSIONS, &c.

A FEW years ago, there lived a gentleman, in the West of England, whose name was Willock: he was married to a very amiable lady, and had five children—three boys and two girls; the boys were named John, William, and Henry; and the girls, Caroline and Louisa. Mr. Willock was possessed of a very handsome fortune, but preferred a country to a town life, as he was very domestic, and his lady equally fond of retirement. The young people were brought up in the love

of God, and of their parents; and their dispositions were so good, that it was very seldom, indeed, that either their father or mother had occasion to find fault with them; so that perhaps there was not any where to be found a more happy family.

Mr. Willock was very fond of his sons and daughters; and, though he was a man of learning and taste, frequently indulged them with amusements, which he had the goodness to provide; but these entertainments were always such as were blended with instruction.

The *young persons* of Mr. Willock's family were frequently visited by the *young persons* of another family, the sons and daughters of a Mr. Trevor, who resided in the neighbourhood.

It happened one autumn, that Mr.

Willock had promised that he would produce some new entertainment for his young friends, as soon as the evenings should begin to lengthen; which intimation was not forgotten by Henry, who was a very clever boy, but rather too impatient.—Henry eagerly watched for the evenings getting longer; and an observation which his father accidentally made one day on the subject, was enough for Henry: he went immediately to his mother, who was seated at the fireside at work, and whispered her to remind Mr. Willock of his promise, which was instantly understood by all the rest of the young people; and "Do, mamma," was repeated by one after the other. Mr. Willock guessed, without much difficulty, at what was going on, and,

without saying a word, rose up and walked to a table, on which was placed his letter-case, out of which he took a very handsome, small, red morocco port-folio. John, William, Henry, Caroline, Louisa, and the two young visitors, were all at once engaged in a very respectful manner, for they did not say a word, watching Mr. Willock, with their eyes sparkling with pleasure and expectation. At length Mr. Willock drew a chair, and sitting down, told all the young people to draw round the table, and that he would shew them something which would please them very much. Henry's eyes were as bright as two stars at this intelligence. "What is it, papa?" was the next question.—"This book, my dears, "said he, "contains some very curious en-

gravings, the Portraits of the Passions of the Human Mind, drawn by a very great French artist, named Le Brun; but I will explain them to you as I go on. Now then (continued he, opening the book), the entertainment begins." At these words, he turned over one of the leaves, and presented the portrait of

ATTENTION.

"Oh dear!" was now the general exclamation among the young people, while the eyes of all of them were in an instant fixed on the same object. "Pray, sir, whose portrait is that?" cried John, the eldest boy. —"That, my dear," said Mr. Willock, "is your face, and the face of all of you at this moment."—"Indeed, papa," cried Henry, "you are only

jesting with us; for I am sure that it is not in the least like me."—"Well then," said Mr. Willock, "look at your brother William, and tell me if it is not like him."—"Yes, indeed, papa," cried Henry; "he makes just such another face."—"True, my dear Henry," returned Mr. Willock; "and so do *each* of you; because this is the face of *Attention*, which *each* of you show at this moment. Only observe how the eyebrows sink and approach the sides of the nose—how the eyeballs turn towards the object of notice—how the mouth opens, and especially the upper part—how the head declines a little, and becomes fixed in that posture, without any remarkable alteration--such," said he, "is the portrait of *Attention*, drawn by Le Brun.

"But now, my dear children," continued Mr. Willock, "as I have showed you the picture of *Attention*, it will be proper that I should describe the passion to you. *Attention* is implanted in us by nature, as the means by which we may become acquainted with the objects of our curiosity, and is a virtue, whenever a proper object is selected. The face is then always interesting, however intent it may appear; but it is the choice of a proper object which can alone make this passion of value, and truly estimable. *Attention* is therefore either praiseworthy or not, according to the object it selects. Praiseworthy Attentions are chiefly as follow:—

"*Attention* to the duties of religion.

"*Attention* of children to parents.

"*Attention* of young people to their studies.

"*Attention* to our friends and acquaintance.

"*Attention* to the sick.

"*Attention* to business.

"*Attention* to dress.

"*Attention* to the duties of religion, such as praying to God, and attending the divine service, is not only the most delightful *Attention* that can be paid, but is of most advantage to us, as by it we secure the blessing of Providence upon our actions, and it is only a preparation for the numerous comforts we enjoy.

"*Attention* of children to parents who have taken care of them from infancy, being a proof of a grateful mind, is always lovely and praiseworthy.

"*Attention* of young people to their studies is the only way for them to acquire improvement, for without it they must remain for ever in ignorance; for instance, if, when I shewed you this portrait, you were all the time playing, or thinking of something else, you could never know what *Attention* meant, nor the advantages to be gained by it.

"*Attention* to our friends and acquaintance, particularly to the aged, is not only a duty, but shows our politeness and good breeding.

"*Attention* to the sick is required from us by the precepts of religion, and by the need we may some day have for such *Attention* ourselves.

"*Attention* to business merely consists in minding what we have

got to do, and is always rewarded with profit.

" *Attention* to dress is necessary, as far as relates to cleanliness and propriety, but no further; and you will observe, that there are many other Attentions which rank before it.

" There is another *Attention*, which may be called *Attention* to trifles, which ought only to be paid when there is not any thing more worthy of our regard which ought to have the preference.

" But as you have all of you been so attentive, I will tell you a story, which will show you the great virtue and use of *Attention*,

" Charles and George were twin brothers, the children of Mr. Wilson, a gentleman of small income, but

who had nevertheless given them an excellent education. Both Charles and George were boys of naturally good dispositions; but Charles was careless, and George thoughtful: George always paid attention to what was said to him, and Charles did not. Charles was clever, and George rather dull; but the attention which George paid to his studies was so great, that he presently got the start of his brother. Charles was very much astonished when he found that George understood Latin better than himself, and was not aware that his deficiency was entirely owing to the want of *Attention*.

"One day, when George and Charles were both of them very young, their father, who was a wise and good man, made each of them

a present of a duplicate of this portrait, with strict injunctions to keep them safe, and to look at them often.

"George had made a great many friends when young, by the *Attention* he was always disposed to pay to his acquaintance, and particularly one old gentleman, who was very infirm, and who received his civilities with great kindness; Charles, on the contrary, as he did not care for any one, so there were very few but his parents who cared for him.

"At length George and Charles were both of them sent into the world, and placed in the counting-houses of merchants of eminence, who were friends of Mr. Wilson.—George immediately began to pay *Attention* to business, and Charles was as *inattentive* as ever. George

was always employed, and Charles did nothing but follow pleasure. Now there is not any thing more agreeable than amusement, when it does not interfere with business; but at the same time, there is not any thing that can be more dangerous, when it does.

"In a few years, Charles and George were established in business as Leghorn merchants, by the liberality of their father, who left himself but a very small income to live upon. Mr. Wilson had, however, the pleasure to see both his children well circumstanced, and in a way of making fortunes, before his death, which happened shortly after.

"George paid so much attention to his concerns, that he was already in a way of getting rich; and, in ad-

dition to his own industry, he had the pleasure to reap the benefit of his kindness and attention to the infirm old gentleman, who died about this time, and left him his whole property.

"Charles, during the whole time of his being in London, had not visited his brother more than three times; and though George had frequently called to see him, he never took any notice of his kindness, but altogether neglected him. Charles was engaged wholly in folly and extravagance, and was going on in a very bad way; in short, his concerns had been so mismanaged that he was on the point of becoming a bankrupt.

"One day, Charles returned home to his house, in great distress of mind, as he had not been able to make up a

payment on which his credit depended. He had occasion to examine his desk to find some papers of consequence, when, in his search, he happened to lay his hand upon, and unrolled the *neglected* gift of his father, the portrait of *Attention.*

" Charles burst into tears when he beheld the picture, and threw himself in an agony of despair upon his bed, when a letter was brought him by the servant from an acquaintance, which informed him that his brother George was very ill. Charles, for the first time in his life, felt that he had neglected his brother, for the portrait of *Attention* had made an impression upon his mind. He arose immediately, and went to the house of Mr. George Wilson, but found that he kept his bed: he was however ad-

mitted; and George, who had not expected such a visitor, was nearly overcome at the sight of his brother. They embraced; and Charles, who had happened to have heard of a case similar to his brother's which had been managed with great success by his own physician, sent for him, while he remained at the bed-side. In the course of conversation, George inquired very kindly after the state of his brother's affairs, and told him, that he hoped he was going on prosperously. Charles, with a heart full of pain, only gave evasive answers; and on his brother's insisting that something pressed on his spirits, took his leave.

Mr. George Wilson presently got well by the advice of the physician, who understood his case perfectly;

and the very first thing that he did was to call upon his brother Charles, to thank him for his kind *Attention*, which had been the means of restoring him to health.

" George, having found the door open, walked immediately towards his brother's counting-house, when he heard some very strong language, and found his brother engaged in conversation with one of his principal creditors, who threatened to make him a bankrupt, if he did not immediately come to a settlement.

" George had been noticed by his brother, and could see, in his turn, that Charles was sensible that he had heard every thing. George, therefore, begged of the creditor to acquaint him of the cause of his treating a merchant of eminence

with so little respect. The creditor made answer, that payment had been put off continually, and that he would wait no longer. George requested to know the amount of the debt, which was five thousand pounds, and, with a heart full of love and joy, sat down instantly at the desk, and having drawn a cheque on his banker for that amount, put it into the hands of his brother, saying at the same time, 'My dear Charles, this is but a small return for the kind *Attention* you shewed me a few days ago.'— The creditor retired satisfied, and Charles embraced his brother, while the tears of gratitude for such a timely assistance flowed from his eyes.

"George now desired to know the real state of his brother's affairs,

which, after some difficulty, he was prevailed upon to disclose, and which were as bad as they could be. However, such was the prudence and *Attention* of Mr. George Wilson, that he soon presented his brother with a plan, by which, with *Attention*, he might extricate himself. Charles, thoroughly sensible of his brother's advice, forsook his former propensities, and paid the necessary *Attention* to his affairs; when his difficulties lessened by degrees; and at length he had the pleasure to find himself out of debt, and is now a rich man.—Thus, my dear children, you see that the very *first* mark of *Attention* of Charles was blessed with a speedy and successful return of good, and led to prosperity. It was too much to expect that he should reap as great

a harvest as his brother, because he had been wanting of the same industry; nevertheless, as soon as he determined to be industrious and careful, he found that—To *pay* Attention, is to *receive* Profit."

The young people had been extremely attentive during the whole time that Mr. Willock was relating the history of George and Charles Wilson, and seemed not only very much pleased with the story, but convinced of the truth of its moral —that *to pay attention is to receive profit.*

Miss Caroline began now to show some impatience to see the next picture, and contrived to peep under one corner, when she cried out, "Oh dear! what a beautiful face!"—It was

ADMIRATION.

"Yes, my dear (answered Mr. Willock, turning over the leaf), it is beautiful, because it expresses a good passion, and one that is very grateful to the mind—the passion of *Admiration.* Do you recollect how delighted you all were when you were on the sea-coast, and saw the sun rising above the horizon, and the ships sailing before the wind? what you then felt was *Admiration.* In the passion of *Admiration,* the mind is occupied with pleasing thoughts, usually accompanied with love, esteem, or veneration for the object; and these sensations that give such a pleasant turn to the features. In this passion (according to Le Brun), the eyebrow rises; the eye

opens a little more than ordinary; the eyeball, equally between the eyelids, appears fixed on the object; the mouth half opens; and to this disposition of features, astonishment only exaggerates a little.

"My dear children," cried Mr. Willock, "I would wish you, as often as possible, to indulge this passion, as it leads to many virtues.—*Admiration* of the objects of nature brings us to the contemplation of an almighty God, who has filled the universe with the innumerable wonders of creation; and, indeed, it is the whole work of *Admiration* to prove our dependence on him, and his great power and goodness; for it is impossible, when we view the sun, the moon, and the numberless stars, the wide ocean, and the extensive

landscapes covered with pasture, and with herds and flocks, not to reflect, how great and infinitely wise must be the Author of all. This face of Le Brun, you may observe, appears occupied in some such contemplation. It is almost the face of devotion.

"Let us see, my dear children, what then are the most worthy objects of *Admiration:* They may be principally classed,

"*Admiration* of the beauty and order of the universe.

"*Admiration* of the power and goodness of the Almighty, who created all things.

"*Admiration* of the structure of the human frame, of its strength and powers, and of the animal world.

"*Admiration* of the goodness of Providence.

"*Admiration* of the effects of virtue, particularly of industry.

"*Admiration* of worth, of courage, genius, talent, and of the works of art.

"*Admiration* of the beauty and order of the universe, is the first in which we become engaged. We see, you know, my dears, the same blessed sun, the fountain of heat, light, and life, return to us every day:—clouds may sometimes obscure it, but it soon appears again, to convince us that its presence is ordered by the Creator, to cherish the animal world, and every plant and flower that grows. If it is night, and we view the stars, what can we conjecture but that they must be placed in the firmament by an Almighty hand? and it is this reflection that occasioned

one of our poets, Dr. Young, to say,

"*An undevout astronomer is mad;*"

because he could not believe that any person who had his senses would not pause with Admiration, and adore the Being who created these wonders of the heavens. Go to the window, my dear William," said Mr. Willock, "and look at them for a moment; they have just begun to appear."

William went to the window, and all the rest of the young people followed him. Mr. Willock named to them some of the principal stars; they were quite delighted; and when he described to them the course of the planets, and that for many thousand years the same order had been preserved, their faces showed the

disposition of features which belong to *Admiration.*

After they had perused the stars for a little time, Mr. Willock called their attention again to the picture. "Let us now, my dear children," said he, "consider what must be the power and goodness of the Almighty, who created all these things; what can we conceive of the hand that could fix a ball of fire in the heavens, of the magnitude of the sun? but our *Admiration* increases when we reflect, that it is that fire which occasions the plant and the herb to grow. You know, that in the winter the ground is bare; but when spring appears, and when the sun approaches to us, it revives nature; and the seed which has been sown may

then be seen sprouting its green heads above the earth: and the same source it is which gives food to man. How good is all this! and do you not think that it calls upon us to be devout, that is, to love God, and to desire to follow his commandments, that the Almighty, who has given us so many blessings, may continue to bless us with his Providence, in all we do?

"The next object of our *Admiration,*" said Mr. Willock, "is ourselves; for as David says in the Psalms, 'We are fearfully and wonderfully made;' and is it not true? Observe, William, the formation of the eye, the curious make of the fingers, the strength of the muscles; how the blood circulates through your veins; and then the powers of

your mind; how you can think, how you can reason upon what you hear and see. Is not all this matter of *Admiration?*

"If," continued Mr. Willock, "we go a step lower, and survey the animal creation, our *Admiration* will yet be great: whether we examine the mighty mammoth, the skeleton of which you saw at the exhibition the other day, or the little humming-bird, which was shewn you at the museum, still you must admire. It is true, that we admire also the works of man; but if we do, they will only bring us back, after all, to think of that great power which gave to human beings such capacities.

"The goodness of Providence ought to be the next great object of our *Admiration,* which has fixed on

such an order and regularity in the universe, that it sheds a constant and continual blessing and benefit on mankind, by the rotation of the seasons, by rains which water the earth, and by an autumn sun to ripen the corn, and give us a plentiful harvest.

" And, in addition to this general providence, which is for the benefit of all mankind, the good, by whom I mean those who love God, may rely on a providence that will guard, protect, and bless them through the day. Therefore, when you rise in the morning, pray sincerely for that protection, and you may depend upon having it. Judge Hale, who was a very good man, used to say, ' that he could always calculate upon the successes of the next week, by the attention he had paid to the du-

ties of the Sunday; for,' said he, 'whenever I have passed that day in admiration of the goodness of God, and have prayed sincerely for his assistance, I have always found success to follow in my temporal affairs.' And this subject, he said, he had not considered lightly, but had been convinced of it from experience.

"But you must not, my dear children, if you have this reliance upon the goodness of God, ever doubt it, or give way to mistrust, although you may meet in your future life with crosses and vexations; because, though you may meet with them, if you have had such a dependence, you may be sure they are for the best, and because you cannot tell what is the best for your own happiness. God Almighty is your hea-

verily father, as I may be your father on earth; and he loves you with the same care, only with more knowledge and *power* to bless and protect you. Now it may have happened, that when you have wished to take a walk in a warm summer's day, that I may have forbid it, and that you may have been, of course, greatly grieved and disappointed; but when in the cool of the evening I have invited you to taste the refreshing air, you have been much better pleased; you have discovered my reasons for having forbid it before; that then it was ill timed, that you might have over-heated yourselves, and have caught cold; that it would be more pleasant in the evening, and that I could then spare time to accompany you Think then, my dear children, how much more

should you yield to the disappointments God Almighty may place in your way; and when they happen, make yourselves happy with the best of all comforts, that it is from his goodness. Besides, when you come to read more of history, and to grow up, and notice the changes that take place in the lives of your acquaintance, you will find, that what appears as the severest misfortune, may be the means of bringing great good. You remember the history of Joseph, in the Bible; and pray recollect that beautiful story through life. Joseph's brethren, you know, who envied him, conspired against his life; but his brother Reuben said, '*do not let us kill him:*' however, they cast him into a pit in the wilderness, and left him. Now their belief was, that

he would perish; for they never thought that their cruelty would be the very cause that would bring him to great honour and preferment.—And it is thus that the evil designs of the wicked are made to produce good, instead of harm, to the very objects of their hatred. You recollect that a company of Ishmaelites, coming from Gilead, with the camels, bearing spicery, and palm, and myrrh, which they were going to carry down to Egypt, bought him of his brethren, drew him out of the pit, carried him away with them, and sold him to Potiphar, an officer of Pharaoh, and a captain of the guard. God Almighty inclined Potiphar to show kindness to Joseph, and he advanced him: but a second, and greater misfortune was to happen to Jo-

seph, to produce him still greater good. He is falsely accused by Potiphar's wife, and thrown into prison, where was also the butler and baker of Pharaoh. God supplies him with wisdom to interpret their dreams; he is sent for by Pharaoh, and gives him counsel; the king promotes him, and makes him ruler over his house. But a yet more extraordinary work of Providence was to be performed; Joseph was to be the means of saving the lives of his brothers, who had conspired against him. There was a great famine in the land of Canaan, where his father and brothers dwelt; and Jacob sent his ten sons to Egypt for corn; but as he had loved Joseph, and was afraid some mischief would happen to Benjamin, he did not send him with them; he

was, however, asked for by Joseph, who pretended not to know his brothers, and whom they could not recollect in his greatness. They were sent back for Benjamin.

"I am sure that you recollect in what manner Joseph entertained his brothers on their return; that he forgave them in his heart; that he relieved them from the horrors of famine; that the only rebuke he used, when he parted with them, was of the most gentle kind—'*See that you fall not out by the way.*'

"Now, my dear children, reflect upon this history, and how many times Joseph appeared to have cause to complain of the hardness of his lot; and yet it all led to honour and promotion; and this should teach you to do the best you can, in what-

soever situation you may be placed, and to depend on God, who is the great object of your *admiration*, for the rest.

"The next deserving objects of our *admiration* are the effects of virtue, and particularly of Industry.—Virtue never fails to give blessings to mankind; thus it is, that the good are always the most happy. Industry has the same blessing attending it, and the recompence is of the most delightful nature, as it gives the means of acquiring many comforts, and the power of doing a great deal of good. Your mamma can tell you a very pleasant story of the good effects of industry, over indolence, or despair." At this intimation, all the young party directed their eyes to Mrs. Willock, and "Pray, mamma,

do oblige us," was repeated by two or three of them at the same time.

Mrs. Willock, who was not only a very elegant and well-educated woman, but extremely good-natured, smiled at the eagerness of her young friends, and began

The Story of the Two Gardeners.

"There were two market gardeners, who were also neighbours, and lived somewhere near the village of Hammersmith. It happened, that the early crops of peas, raised by these two poor men, were in one morning killed by a severe frost.—One of the gardeners, a very short time afterwards, having occasion to pass by the gate of his friend, called in to condole with him on their mutual misfortune. 'Ah,' cried he to

the other, 'how unfortunate have we been, neighbour! do you know that I have done nothing but fret ever since my disaster: but, bless me, what is here? you have a fine healthy crop of peas saved from the frost.'—'Not so,' cried the other.—'What are they then?' said he. 'Why,' returned the other gardener, 'these are what I sowed immediately after my loss.'—'What, coming up already?' cried the fretter.—'Yes.'—'Bless me, how is that?'—'Why, while you was fretting, I was working, that's all.'—'What, and don't you fret when you have a loss?'—'To be sure I do.'—'Well, how then?'—'Why, though I do fret, I always put it off until after I have repaired the mischief.'—'Lord, why then you have no occasion to fret at all.'—

'True,' replied the industrious gardener, 'and that is the very reason, the less one frets, the better.'

"I am sure, my dears, that I need not tell you the moral of this little fable, because I am *sure* that you have all of you good sense enough to find it out: but as you may like to hear it from me, I will tell it you—*That the pleasantest reflection you can have of a misfortune is, that you have been able, by your industry, to repair it.* And it is really astonishing, my dear children," continued she, "how many mischiefs might be *repaired* by a little trouble and industry."

"*Admiration* of worth, courage, genius, talent, and of the works of art, is the next of which," continued Mr. Willock, "we have to speak. *Admiration* of worth is,

among good minds, very grateful, for they are always pleased to find excellence; and in this country you may indulge the passion at any time, by reading the works of great authors, such as Locke, Addison, Sir Richard Steel, Doctor Johnson, and others, wherein you will have to admire an excellent moral, and a pure and elegant language.

"*Admiration* of courage is another pleasant sensation, though attended with a portion of pain. It was this kind of *Admiration* which was felt by Philip king of Macedon, when his son Alexander seized hold of the bridle of Bucephalus, who was so wild and unmanageable, that no one had been able to mount him, and softly letting fall his cloak, threw himself upon his back in one leap,

and animating him with his voice, put him in full speed, to the astonishment of every one present. Philip, with tears of joy and *Admiration* in his eyes, exclaimed—'My son, seek a kingdom more worthy of thee, for Macedon is below thy merit.'

"*Admiration* of genius and talent may be often indulged. The many curious pieces of mechanism that may be seen daily, are objects worthy of *admiration;* but perhaps the most extraordinary of any to a young mind is a ship, when it is considered, that within its space several hundreds of persons traverse immense oceans, and sail to places many thousand leagues distant."

"I should like very much to go on board a ship," said Henry, while

his father had paused a moment to take a pinch of snuff.

"I intend," answered Mr. Willock, "that you and your brothers shall go to-morrow on board the Rainbow man of war, the captain of which is my particular friend: and if you do, I think your faces will express something more than simple *Admiration.* Suppose we look at the next picture; will not your looks be more like it than this? for (said he, as he turned over the leaf) it is

ADMIRATION with ASTONISHMENT.

"You may observe, that the motions which accompany this passion are more lively and stronger marked, the eyebrows more elevated, the eyes more open, the eyeball further from the lower eyelid, and more

steadily fixed; the mouth is more open; and all the parts in a much stronger emotion; but, lest you should be too much inclined to stare and gape, I will tell you a story of two schoolfellows, which is

The History of Bill Vacant and Henry Hawk's-eye.

"Bill Vacant and Henry Hawk's-eye were schoolfellows of much about the same age. Henry Hawk's-eye was a clever, intelligent boy, who was always seeking after knowledge, and taking great pains to acquire it. When he saw any thing new or curious, he was not contented with wishing that he knew what it was, but he always set to work seriously to find out every thing about it; and

if it was a piece of mechanism, how it was made. Bill Vacant, on the other hand, always looked as if he was very deeply engaged in thought, when the truth was, that he was not; all the time, thinking of any thing at all. Bill Vacant was always wondering; he would wonder two or three times a-day what a clock it was?—what he should have for dinner?—whether it would be fine on the morrow?—whether he should go to see his grandmother at Christmas? or something equally uninteresting. If he saw any curious piece of workmanship, he would wonder how it was made, but would be satisfied with wondering; his mouth therefore was always wide open with *Astonishment*, but was never filled with instruction, which he would not be at the pains

to gather: his was not '*The fond attentive gaze of young Astonishment,*' mentioned by the poet Akenside, who wrote a charming book, which you must read some day, called 'The Pleasures of the Imagination.' Bill Vacant was always gazing, it is true, but to very little purpose; he was not only ignorant, but likely to continue so all his life; and so it turned out; for Henry Hawk's-eye having reflected that his father was not rich, and that he would have to get his own living in the world, bent his thoughts towards a profession, and fixed upon the law. Henry was presently a student in the Temple, and paid so much attention to his studies, that he very soon became much resorted to to draw pleadings; and it was not many years before he made a

handsome fortune. Bill Vacant, whose friends also had nothing to give him, was all this time wondering what would be the best line that he could embark in; but as he was ignorant of every thing, he found it so difficult to determine, that day succeeded day in slothful idleness. One instant he would commence merchant; the next he would go to sea; then he would volunteer his services in the army; in either of which lines, if he had had perseverance, he might have in a measure succeeded. The truth was, that poor Bill Vacant was always wondering what would be the best for him, when, in fact, he had better have taken up any thing than have wondered any longer about it. However, unhappily for him, he continued wonder-

ing all his life; and when he was old and poor, all that he had to wonder at was, that other people had succeeded in the world so much better than himself.

"Such," my dear children, "is the difference between *Admiration*, and that void of thought which occasions us to wonder without a desire of improvement. Never, therefore, lose your time in wondering; but the instant you are at a loss to know any thing, inquire and study till you find it out, and master it. You may sometimes be led wrong, notwithstanding all your care; but do not grieve although you may; for a steady sure friend, called Experience, will step in to make you full amends."

There was now an interval between the entertainments Mr. Willock had

promised his children, for tea and coffee were brought in, with fruit; when, after taking each a cup of tea, and some strawberries, the young people retired to rest, highly gratified with the entertainment of the evening.

The Party to Weymouth.

The next day presented a fine clear sky, and the young people were told to get themselves in readiness to go in the barouche to Weymouth; but Mrs. Willock being rather indisposed, was not of the party. There is not any thing more pleasant than the preparation in these cases; all was bustle and expectation. They were to go on board a ship—what a delightful excursion!

At length the time arrived—they

were at Weymouth—they saw the ships at anchor—nay more, they saw the king and royal party going on board the yacht. The ships were manned; the water was as smooth as milk. Mr. Willock had taken care to carry with him, for the amusement of the young people, the Passions of Le Brun, which he took out of his pocket as they were going on board the Rainbow, in the captain's barge, that had been sent for them.

Henry was delighted—"Only, sir," said he to his father, "look what a number of men in blue jackets and white trowsers are standing upon the sails!"—"Those people, my dear," said he, "are our gallant defenders, our brave English tars; they do not stand, as you call it, on the sails, but on the yards, to which the sails are

fastened, or bent."—"Dear sir," interrupted William, "what beautiful boat is that?"—"That, my dear boy," said he, "is the barge in which is our dear sovereign, King George the Third. There he is!—do you not see him?—Here (said he, opening the book of Passions), look at this; this expresses the sentiment you ought to feel; it is

VENERATION.

"*Veneration* is (according to Le Brun) the result of admiration and esteem, when it has something for its object divine, beyond our comprehension, or majestic in virtue. The face is modestly reclined; the eyebrows bent down; the eyes almost shut and fixed, and the mouth quite shut. These motions are all

gentle, humble, and full of respect. Who is it that must not feel the passion of *Veneration,* at the name even of our beloved sovereign, eminent as he is in virtue, and mild and merciful as he is on the throne? No wild acts of ambition, no base perfidy, no lawless stretch of power, has dishonoured his reign. He is the father of his people, and he has the affection and *Veneration* of every good man."

The barge now approached the side of the ship, which was manned, that is, the seamen stood on each side to hand the side-ropes (which were covered with red baize) to the company; and Mr. Willock was received on the quarter-deck by captain Manly, who commanded the Rainbow.

A Description of a Man of War.

Captain Manly, who was a very well-bred man, received his guests with great politeness, and gratified their curiosity by taking them all over the ship. He showed them the fore-castle, which is the fore part of the deck; the main deck, the gally-fire, and the coppers wherein the sailors' dinner is cooked; from thence he took them down the hatchways, to show them the midshipmens' births; and between decks, where the hammocks are slung, and the cable tiers, where the cables which hold the ship are coiled, or as you would call it, laid round; and the bread-room, where the provisions are served out.

Captain Manly next took his visitors into his own cabin. Some

refreshment was prepared, and among other things, he gave them some real salt junk, that is, salt beef, and some sea biscuit instead of white bread, which the sailors, with great contempt, call *soft tommy*. He gave them also some grog, as well as wine. They then returned to the quarter-deck, when John, William and Henry amused themselves with the young midshipmen, some of whom were old schoolfellows, and showed them how to go aloft up the shrouds (called by the landsmen rope-ladders) into the mizen-top, whither they followed them a little way, but did not like climbing to get over the top rim, nor did they choose to go through *lubber's hole*, which is a way of more safety, used by landsmen, for fear they should be laughed at. Henry,

however, expressed a great inclination to go to sea; and on hearing captain Manly relate to his father the gallant achievements of Lord Nelson, his eyes sparkled with the love of glory. Captain Manly showed his guests a picture of his gallant friend; and the passion of *Veneration* was again visible in every face.

One of the quarter-masters (who are old seamen, and have the care of the quarter-deck, and whose duty it is to call the officers to their watch, to turn the hour-glass, and go to the belfry to pull the bell-rope) was very attentive to the young gentlemen, and took them forward, where some of the sailors were dancing hornpipes on the main deck, to the music of a broken fiddle, played by an old black fidler. The young peo-

ple gave the quarter-master (whom the sailors called Old Spun-yarn) some money to drink their healths; and he, in return, got one of the boys who waited on the midshipmen to go aloft, and stand upon the truck of the top-gallant-mast-head, which is at the very greatest height of the masts, where he stood on a space not larger than the top part of a dumb waiter, and drew in the pendant, and let it out again at pleasure. John and William shuddered to see him at such a tremendous height; but Henry seemed very much delighted at the boy's activity.

The boat was now manned, at the request of Mr. Willock, to put them on shore; but as the wind had sprung up, the water had got rather rough; and before they had rowed far, a

strong gale came on, when the boat's crew were obliged to pull very hard to make the shore; and as the tide run strong, they were some hours before they could fetch, that is, reach the pier. During their passage to shore, the boat shipped several seas, and the young people began to be a little frightened, except Henry, who seemed more stout-hearted than any of the rest. Mr. Willock, for his part, was only uneasy on account of the delay it occasioned, and the apprehensions which would occur to the mind of his good lady. At length, however, they were all landed safe on shore; and after taking a glass of wine, Mr. Willock set out for home, where he arrived late at night. It had now become quite tempestuous, and Mrs. Willock and

her little daughters were waiting with the most painful anxiety. Presently, however, the carriage was heard at a distance on the road, and the gates were thrown open by the servants, before the bells could be rung. Mrs. Willock, who was a most affectionate mother, ran into the hall to meet and embrace her children; and Caroline and Louisa ran to kiss their brothers, followed by all the servants in the house. The family were now all together, in the large parlour, where was a good fire, and all the comforts of home prepared for the travellers. When they were a little composed and refreshed, Mr. Willock drew from his pocket the Passions, and asked the young people if, when they came in, they had not seen a face like the one he shew-

ed them? when they one and all cried out, that it was mamma: the truth was, that it was the passion of

RAPTURE.

"Yes, indeed," said Mr. Willock, "it was the face of your dear mamma, and never better expressed; full of gratitude to God, and veneration for that Almighty providence which conducted you home in safety, her eyes were directed towards heaven, her mouth was only opened to breathe a prayer of thankfulness, and the two corners were a little turned up with an expression of joy.

"Rapture, my dear children," said Mr. Willock, "is the most extatic of the passions; it is a sentiment full of love, joy, esteem, and veneration; it is an excess of pleasure, and is fre-

quently too much to be borne; when so, it is relieved by tears; you will feel it sensibly, if ever you live to have children.

"By the *Rapture* your dear mother shewed at your safe return, you may do more than guess at how much she must love you; you will, I am sure, be grateful for so much tenderness and affection, and never do any thing that can give her pain. Thank God that we are once more happy together; and let us go to our beds full of that sentiment, and to-morrow morning, at breakfast, you shall entertain your mamma with an account of your voyage."

The next morning, at breakfast, our happy domestic party met together, refreshed, by undisturbed rest, the repose of love and peace.

Henry related to his mamma all the particulars of their naval excursion the day before, which he concluded by saying, that he should like very much to go to sea, when Mr. Willock mildly interrupted him—" My dear Henry," said he, " do not make your mamma uneasy by saying so. If it is proper and suitable to the views in life which we have for you, your inclination will be studied; and if it is not, I am sure that you have too much good sense, as well as love for your parents, to wish for any thing that they might disapprove."—Henry blushed a little, and said, " Indeed, sir, I will never think of any thing that you or my mamma may disapprove."—" That is spoken like a very good and sensible boy," answered Mr. Willock: " but," said

he, "suppose that we return to the Passions of Le Brun, and see whether his faces will speak (for faces often do speak by strong expressions of the features) on the subject." He opened the book, which lay on the table, and the first portrait which presented itself was

DESIRE.

"Dear me! how sharp the man looks!" said Henry.—"Yes," cried Mr. Willock, "you will observe that this passion brings the eyebrows close together, and forwards the eyes, which are more open than ordinary; the eyeball is inflamed, and places itself in the middle of the eye; the nostrils rise up, and are contracted towards the eyes; the mouth half opens, and the spirits being in mo-

tion, give a glowing colour. *Desire* is most frequently unreasonable; it often pants after things which are improper, or hurtful to itself. Just now, when you expressed such an ardent wish to go to sea, your face had all the expression of *Desire*.—Now, my dear Henry, we should never desire any thing, without due consideration of its value, or of the propriety of having it as we wish; for instance, you should have thought, 'It cannot matter much to me whether I spend my days on board of a ship, or on shore among my friends; whether I am brought up to the law, or whether I go into the army; each of these situations have their advantages and their honours; they have, too, their labours and disappointments. I know that

my parents would sooner study my inclinations than their own: but then they do not decide from inclination; they are wiser, and have more experience than me, and they judge coolly, and without *Desire*, what would be most fitting for me, according to all the circumstances of my education, the shew of my talents, and the fortune I may have to set out with in life. It is the novelty of a sea life which gives it attraction; but novelty soon ceases to engage, and decreases in value, the longer we make our visit to it; and then we afterwards wish that we had attended to something better for us, or more adapted to our situation.'

"There are, however, many praiseworthy objects of *desire*, such as

"A *Desire* to please God.

"A *Desire* to improve in learning.

"A *Desire* to excel in virtue or science, properly called emulation.

"The first of these ought to be the great object of our lives: the second will be a lasting delight and profit to us; it will always secure us a portion of respect in the world, and will stay by us, though by misfortune we should be stripped of all, and left to work for our bread: the third is a passion which makes the great man and the hero; it made such a statesman as Charles Fox, of whom you have heard speak, and such a hero as Lord Nelson.

"With these desires in your breast, poverty will stand no chance of keeping you under. The world, my dear children, is like a market-place, where many different persons

bring their wares, their industry, and their trinkets for sale. Those who have the best articles, or who are the best workmen, will find the readiest and most certain sale and profit or employ; those who have more humble talents, or wares of a worse quality, are obliged to wait longer, and sell for less; and such as have only trinkets to offer, find customers only by chance, and are never sure of a market. Last of all, the lazy beggar, who only comes into the market-place in expectation of getting a subsistence from the more industrious, as he has nothing to offer in exchange, meets little or no attention, and hears only the just reproof of 'Why don't you get some work to do?'

"There are several objects of

Desire that must never be entertained, and which are very bad and wicked; among these are

"The *Desire* of wealth, when unreasonable or unconscionable, called Avarice.

"The *Desire* of obtaining any advantage of another unfairly, called in the scripture, coveting our neighbours' goods.

"The *Desire* of being great or ambitious.

"There are others, which are those forbidden by the Ten Commandments, and of which I need not speak.

"The *Desire* of wealth, called Avarice, is a most extraordinary passion, as it defeats the very end which it wishes to produce, an enjoyment of the rational pleasures and comforts

of life; for the miser lays up hoard upon hoard, and still remains unsatisfied; he punishes himself continually; he submits to the derision, the reproaches, and contempt of the world; he has no enjoyments, no friends; and, besides, he suffers constant dread and apprehension of being robbed of his guineas: he suspects every body. Such a character we have in

The Story of Old Alvarus, the Miser.

"Alvarus was an old miser, who constantly kept his guineas in a bag, which he used to hide in the most secret place he could find in his apartments.

"Alvarus had been so careful to lay by his store where no person would be able to find it and rob him

of it, that he *forgot* where he had put it himself.

"Alvarus searched every hole and corner that he could think of, without success: the bag was not to be found; but he knew that no one could have taken it from him, for not a creature had entered the house. Alvarus fumed and fretted himself ill; he went to his bed alone and disconsolate, for very few cared for Alvarus.

"At length it happened that some one knocked at the door of his hut; Alvarus could not rise to open it; but he called out, 'Whoever you are, lift up the latch and come in, for I am sick.' It was his little nephew Nicholas, whose father and mother were poor industrious people, and who had often asked Alvarus to spare

them a trifle, to put them into some little way of business, to make their way in the world; but he had always refused them: he would not part with a sixpence.

"The father and mother of Nicholas had, nevertheless, sent him to inquire after the health of his uncle: he was a fine little boy, with the colour of the carnation upon his cheeks, and with a brave open countenance.

"The old man surveyed him from head to foot. 'What, Nicholas,' cried he, 'is it you? How are your father and mother? I am ill, Nicholas, very ill.'

"Nicholas asked if he could do any thing for his uncle? Alvarus began to reflect, 'I might as well,' said he to himself, 'have no wealth, if I am to suffer illness without help

or relief, and I shall perhaps die for want of medical assistance; yet who can I trust to seek for this money?' He looked again at Nicholas; he saw honesty in his face—'This boy,' said he, 'knows nothing of the world. I think that I need not be afraid to trust him. Nicholas, my dear Nicholas,' said he, 'I wish that you would seek for an old bag, which you will find in some corner or other; it is heavy, but what is in it is not of *much use* to any body, and you must not look into it upon any account.' Nicholas answered in a very artless manner, that he would not look into it for the world, if his uncle forbid it. 'Well then,' said Alvarus, 'go and look all about, and in every corner, as I have occasion for it.'

" Nicholas, who was a very clever and persevering lad, searched place after place, until at length, in a dark hole under the sink, he found the bag, and carried it immediately to his uncle. Alvarus was quite delighted, when he saw the bag unopened—'That is a good boy,' said he; 'now then go for the doctor, and tell him to come to me, for that I am very sick indeed.'

" Nicholas ran all the way for the doctor, and when he returned, it was but reasonable to expect that old Alvarus would have given him a trifle of money; he however contented himself with giving him only thanks; and Nicholas was going home when the doctor entered.

" The doctor felt the miser's pulse, and found him in a very bad way—

'I am afraid it is too late,' said he, 'I should have been sent for before.' He moreover told Nicholas that his uncle could not be left. Nicholas therefore promised to return, as soon as he had made his father and mother acquainted with the situation he had left him in; but the miser absolutely forbid him to bring them with him.

"Alvarus grew worse; the doctor gave him medicines, but in vain; when he thought it proper to tell him, that there were no hopes of his recovery, and advised him to settle his affairs without delay.

"Alvarus was very much affected at this news—'What,' said he, 'have I been laying up hoard upon hoard only to leave it behind me? what enjoyment have I had? what delight

has this world afforded me? I have been poor in the midst of riches, and have starved in abundance. I might have been happy myself, and I might have made others happy; I have neglected the opportunity; and before I have tasted refreshment, I expire on my journey.'

"The doctor asked the old miser again about his affairs—'If I die,' said he, 'I leave what little I have to this boy, my nephew Nicholas.' The doctor took his leave, and Alvarus addressed his nephew as follows:—'Nicholas,' said he, 'take care of this bag for me; I shall fall asleep presently, for I feel heavy; there is not any thing worth having in it; *it is full of rubbish;* nevertheless, some people would be base enough to wish to take it from me.'

"Alvarus went into a sleep, from which he never awoke again—Nicholas called to him—he did not answer. Nicholas ran for his father and mother—they arrived, but the miser was no more. Nicholas told them the story of the bag, which they opened, and found full of guineas. The doctor confirmed the story of Nicholas, and that the property was his right. The father and mother of Nicholas shed tears at the death of Alvarus; nevertheless they said, 'How good and wonderful is Providence! It appeared only by chance that our son should happen to go on that day to inquire after his uncle, who had then mislaid his treasure. Providence has put it in its proper channel. Let us bury Alvarus with respect, and mourn not

so much that he is dead, as that when living, he had never enjoyed life.'

"Nicholas succeeded to the wealth of his uncle, which was improved by the industry and care of his parents; and from being a poor lad, Nicholas is now an opulent farmer."

"That old miser was a very foolish old man," said William, as soon as Mr. Willock had concluded the story. "Certainly he was," answered Mr. Willock; "he might have made himself very comfortable, and yet have laid by sufficient to keep him far from the dangers of want in his old age; and that shows, my dear children, the difference between prudence or economy, and avarice:—prudence allows all reasonable enjoyments, but no extravagance or waste; and as the articles of plain

wholesome food, refreshing drink, and neat decent cloathing, do not require any great sacrifice of money, and are proper for us, and as good management makes us as frugal as possible, we cannot be much the poorer for those reasonable indulgencies; and all beyond, it is wise and necessary to lay by; out of which, we ought, nevertheless, to spare a portion, such as we can afford, to the distrest. It is then that our prudent hours are blest by Providence, and the motive approved by the same Almighty who has taught the ant to provide for winter; and indeed old age, my dear children, may properly be called the winter of life.

"We will now," said Mr. Willock, "consider the nature of the *Desire* by which men wish to obtain any

thing unfairly, or what is called coveting our neighbours' goods.—There is not any *Desire* that can be more base or wicked than this, and it leads to the greatest crimes; if ever you feel it in your bosoms, which I trust you never will, check it, my dear children, as being base, mean, unfair, unjust, and beneath your natures; and be assured, that it is a *Desire* which in the end will never have success, as it is contrary to the commands of God, and below the honour and dignity of the human character. Your dear mamma can relate to you a very pretty story of the ill-success of such a *desire,* as well as of the folly of being too good-natured." Mrs. Willock, finding the eyes of all her little family imme-

diately turned towards her, began as follows:

The Story of the Two Merchants and the Black Pebble.

"In the city of Peristan, which is a province of Cashmeer, in Hindostan, lived a merchant, named Baizeed; he was a very good young man, but was so generous and prodigal of his money, and so very good-natured, that any body might get it from him; and the patrimony he had received from his father was almost spent. As Baizeed was walking one day through the streets of Peristan, he met an old man, with a small bag in his hand, who accosted him, and asked if he would choose to buy any pearls or precious stones? Baizeed had the curiosity or *desire* to

look at them; and the old merchant seated himself under the portico of a house, where he displayed his goods. Baizeed looked at them one by one; but his attention was chiefly taken up with a small black pebble, which had on it some marks of gold, resembling in form the rays of the sun. Baizeed inquired particularly about this stone, which the merchant told him was of considerable value, though it only appeared as a common black pebble; that it was a talisman, invented by the magician Mahoud; and that in all cases of extremity or danger, it would give the owner the most faithful counsel of the good genii. Baizeed, on this, laid the pebble down, giving up all thoughts of purchasing it, as he supposed its price to be infinitely out of his

reach. "I do not wish to inhance the value of the pebble," said the old man; "I only ask fifty gold mohurs for it." Baizeed assured him that he could not afford to give him half that money for it, and was going away, when the old diamond merchant stopt him—"Well," said he to Baizeed, "as you have taken such a mighty fancy to the pebble, you shall be welcome to have it on credit, and pay me when you may be able." Baizeed on this thanked the old man as politely as he could, and accepted the stone from his hands, when the old merchant explained to him some characters which were on it, in the Hindoo language, and formed the following sentence—'*The rays of wisdom.*'

"Baizeed, on his return home,

shewed the pebble to his wife Aseecha, and was very eager to invite all his friends to shew them also the purchase he had been so lucky as to make, and invited them to a feast for that purpose. When Baizeed's friends were met together, one examined it carefully, another liked its curious appearance, and a third wished him to make an immediate experiment of its virtues. Baizeed was not long waiting an opportunity. One of his neighbours being engaged in a lawsuit, was very anxious to know what he should do in the affair, and intreated him to try the effect of the magic pebble.

"Baizeed took a small flint in his hand, and, upon striking it against the stone, at the first blow, the liquid fire came forth from it, and running

upon the ground, immediately formed the sentence of '*Truth.*'

"The counsel which the talisman gave was attended to by the neighbour of Baizeed, and by following which, he got well through his difficulty.

"Numerous were the applications Baizeed received from different persons to lend them the black pebble; and all his friends were so kind, and appeared so grateful, that he could not find it in his heart to refuse them; but what was the most extraordinary was, that although Baizeed was thoroughly sensible of the virtues of the pebble, he scarcely ever made use of it himself, but it was always at the service of others, without any return or recompence.

"In about three or four years

after Baizeed had come into possession of the pebble, what with neglecting his own affairs, and attending to the frequent solicitations of others about theirs, Baizeed began to find himself very much reduced in circumstances; and in addition to this folly of attempting to oblige every body, he was naturally of a gay and cheerful disposition, and was constantly giving entertainments, for the sake of having the society of his friends.

"Among others who had the free use of the talisman, was a neighbour of Baizeed's, named Daoud, who had always been welcome to his house, and who he had done every thing to serve; in short, Daoud had as much use of the pebble as himself; he had it upon every occasion he wished,

and always smiled so graciously, and professed so much friendship to Baizeed, that it was impossible to refuse him.

"Baizeed's wife Aseecha loved her husband very much, and frequently entreated him to be more careful of the valuable treasure he had, and to turn the magic pebble to advantage; but unhappily he neglected her counsel; and at length, what with the waste of time, and seeing company to show off the talisman, his situation became desperate; when he thought it best to call on his friend Daoud, to explain to him his circumstances, and to consult what was best to be done, as he was afraid his creditors would take the pebble from him. Daoud begged him not to despond, and assured him

that he would take care of the talisman, if he was afraid of any mischief happening to him. Baizeed put the stone in his hands, requiring him, in the most solemn manner, to make use of it for his wife and family; offering him, at the same time, a reasonable share of that valuable treasure for his trouble.

"Daoud promised to do according to the wishes of Baizeed, who retired to a small village near the fountain of Shookroach, whose waters bestow peace, leaving Daoud in possession of the talisman.

"Baizeed waited many days patiently, in hopes of seeing his friend Daoud with a supply of money, for his wife Aseecha was very distressed, and his children had had nothing to live upon but a small bag of rice

and a few dried fishes, which were almost gone. Daoud, however, never came near Baizeed; and presently he was informed that he had got into his house, and had made himself acquainted with all his friends and creditors, and that he was turning the talisman to his own advantage solely. Baizeed began now to blame his folly, for having intrusted the only valuable he had left to so sordid a wretch.

"Baizeed went to Daoud, to complain of his ill treatment; but that wicked wretch insisted he owed him more money than the pebble was worth; and Baizeed was too poor to get redress.

"At length, when Baizeed had given himself up to despair, and was sitting at his door in a pensive atti-

tude, he saw the old diamond merchant who sold him the pebble approach. Baizeed was quite distressed what he should say to him; but thought, very properly, that the truth was the best; he therefore told him the whole story of his imprudence; 'Well,' cried the old man, 'you have suffered sufficiently for your good-nature; though you have lost the talisman by your folly, the good * Bramah will not punish you too severely. Come with me, and we will go disguised as two † Calenders to the house of Daoud.'

"Baizeed prepared to follow the old man; and at length having procured the dresses of Calenders, they

* The Eastern name for God.

† Wandering Mahometan monks.

set out on their journey, and arrived at the house of Daoud, as he was seated at the head of his table, feasting with the great men of Peristan. The Calenders, according to the custom in the East, were invited to take refreshment; and Baizeed seated himself at the lower end of the table of his perfidious friend.

"After dinner, Daoud began to speak of the virtues of the talisman; and the Viceroy of the Sultan Shahabeddeen, who was present, was desirous that he should display its wonders before him. Daoud called for the pebble, and struck it with the flint; but the liquid flame did not issue from it; he tried again and again; but it was all in vain. The Viceroy, who considered that Daoud had imposed upon him, was highly

incensed; and ordered his black eunuchs, who were in waiting, to inflict the punishment of the bowstring.—It was in vain that he supplicated; the Viceroy commanded that he should die, unless he could, within ten minutes, produce the sentence of truth from the talisman. Daoud attempted once more, but all was fruitless, when the old man took up the pebble, and striking it with the flint, the flame immediately issued, and formed a sentence on the ground —'*I am useless to the wicked.*'

"On this, the Viceroy, who was the more enraged, demanded to know of Daoud the history of the talisman, and how he came by it? That wicked wretch, however, told a lie to excuse himself.

"The Viceroy was so dissatisfied

with the answers of Daoud, that he demanded of the old Calender that he should obtain again the sentence of truth: The old man obeyed, when the talisman produced the words—*'The saying of Daoud is not true; I belong to Baizeed.'*

Baizeed, at the desire of the old man, now threw off the dress of the Calender, and confronted the wicked Daoud, who being unable to say a word in his defence, was instantly strangled by the eunuchs.

"The Viceroy ordered the pebble to be restored to Baizeed, who returned home, transported with joy at having found his precious talisman.

"As soon as Baizeed entered the door of his house, he endeavoured to obtain the sentence of wisdom from the magic pebble; but it only

produced the words—'*I am useless to the imprudent.*'

"Baizeed was again in anguish and despair, when the old man entered, and told him that the virtue of the talisman would not return to it again until he had, by hard labour, rubbed the pebble so bright, that the rays which had disappeared should again become visible. Baizeed bore this disappointment very patiently, and returned home to his wife Aseecha, when he set to work every day rubbing the pebble, but no rays appeared. At length, after a little time, he began just to see a glimpse of them, and by persevering, they were once more restored. Baizeed now summoned his friends to a feast, at which they appeared again very readily; but when they required the counsel

of the talisman, Baizeed demanded from them a recompence for the benefit they would receive; in consequence of which, he got several large sums of money; and having found the old man, offered to pay him the fifty gold mohurs, when the old merchant said, 'I am richly repaid by your being sensible of the value of the pebble. My son, the mighty Bramah is well pleased when he observes in his children an ingenuous heart, and kind disposition; but dangerous even is the love of our fellow creatures, if we are weak enough to yield to the sweet voice of deceit. Baizeed was tried with the magic pebble, and he squandered away its blessings. The wicked Daoud, whose imagination was at work to obtain the goods of Baizeed, was made the

instrument for punishing thy weakness; but he was to become an example also, that vice never prospers. The magic pebble lost its power in his hands, and the object of his covetousness was the cause of his death.'

"As the old man spoke, Baizeed observed that rays of celestial flame surrounded his head, and that his garment was changed into a robe of the purest white. The place was filled with the fragrance of myrrh, aloes, sandal-wood, the jessamine flower and the rose.

"Baizeed fell prostrate on his face; it was the good genius Zemrud, who had appeared as the old merchant. 'Blessed,' said he, 'are the good, and powerful are those who trust in Bramah.' With these words the genius disappeared, and Baizeed

returned home to his faithful Aseecha, satisfied of the goodness of Providence, and resolved never again to forfeit the blessings of the talisman."

"The *desire* of being great, or what is called ambition, is laudable, as long as the means resorted to to satisfy it are just and fair, and it is then a blessing; but becomes a curse, the instant we have recourse to base or improper means.—But," said Mr. Willock, "let us see what is the next picture. What have we here?"

"It is a very pleasant face," said John.—"It is," said Mr. Willock,

JOY with TRANQUILLITY.

"You will observe here, that very little alteration is remarked in the face of those who feel within themselves the sweetness of *Joy*. The

forehead is serene; the eyebrows without motion, elevated in the middle; the eye pretty open, and with a laughing air; the eyeball lively and shining; the corners of the mouth turn up a little; the complexion lively; the cheeks and lips red.

"*Joy* is a delightful sensation, and gives health to the body as well as to the mind; when we feel joyful, with what alacrity, what spirit, do we move and act! It is *Joy* that you taste of, when the time arrives for you to return home from school, to see your friends in vacation. When *Joy* is felt, the mind is occupied with every thing that is pleasant; all care is for the time obliterated from your recollection; you jump, and dance, and sing, and spring about like young

fawns, from place to place. But this is not *Joy with Tranquillity*, like that in the picture. *Joy with Tranquillity* is more lasting, and is less violent. I will attempt to describe the passion to you by an example.

The Story of Matthieu and Gerrard, the two Fishermen, who each found a treasure.

"Two fishermen, named Matthieu and Gerrard, who lived in a small village near the Mediterranean, and who had each of them large families, and were very poor, were out one day drawing their nets, when one of them, Gerrard, called out to the other, that he had drawn ashore a small casket, which was extremely heavy; and he begged the other to assist him to force it open, when he

found it full of precious stones, carefully inclosed in cotton. The fisherman who had found the treasure, very fairly and justly told the other that he should go shares; and overjoyed, ran home directly to his wife, to tell her the good news. The other fisherman, who was older and more careful, staid to put his nets in order before he followed, and was very kindly doing the same office for his friend, when he discovered another casket among the meshes of the net, which his comrade had overlooked, full of the like treasure, and which he put in his pocket.

"When the old fisherman returned to the village, which was no great way from the sea-shore, he found the house of his comrade surrounded by people. In short, poor Gerrard's

rapture had occasioned him to tell every creature he met of his good fortune, and they had followed him in a mass. One gave him a piece of advice; another put in a claim for favour; a third offered to get him a market for the diamonds of a friend. In short, he was almost torn to pieces by the officious kindness of his neighbours; and in his perplexity, he sold his treasure for less than half its value, to an old Jew, who, on hearing the news, had hastened all the way from Marseilles to the spot, to make a good bargain.

"The old fisherman said nothing about his luck until night, when he was at supper with his wife; and she being a prudent woman, though she felt a great deal of joy that her dear children would be better cloathed

and fed, yet it was *Joy with Tranquillity*. They neither of them suffered their good success to run away with their reason. It was therefore determined between themselves, that Matthieu should go the next day to Marseilles, where dwelt a respectable Armenian merchant, and get a fair price from him for the precious stones he had had the luck to find.

"The next day, the old fisherman set out on his journey, without saying a word to any body, and returned home laden with louis d'ors, in addition to the small sum which was the moiety of what the other fisherman had honestly shared with him.

"In a very few months it happened, that the younger fisherman, Gerrard, owing to his excess of joy, which made him insensible of what

he was about, and the folly of his young wife, who spent a great deal in dress, while he was giving, lending, and throwing away his money, was reduced at length to poverty, and had nothing left to do but to take to business again.

" He was lamenting one morning not having sufficient to purchase nets, and was mending the old ones to go out a fishing, when his neighbour Matthieu came to the gate. ' I thought,' cried he, ' that you had left off fishing, and that you lived upon the interest of the money you got for your pearls and diamonds; or, perhaps, you are going out for pleasure.'—' Alas,' cried Gerrard, ' it is not so; I have given away and spent all that I had.'—' Well, but,' said he, ' those you have done ser-

vice to will never let you want a little money to purchase nets; they have had plenty from you.'—'I have but little hopes of them,' answered Gerrard.—'Well,' said the old fisherman, 'at any rate, give them the trial; invite all these your neighbours and friends to a feast, and after they have regaled themselves, I will open the whole business of your necessities, and ask them to subscribe to put you into business again.' Gerrard followed the advice of his neighbour, and a feast was prepared, at which every one took care to be present. After dinner was over, the old fisherman opened the business, and asked each of them to subscribe a something; but they had all of them an excuse ready. 'Well,' cried he,

'in that case, I must do all by myself,' when he pulled out two large bags full of louis d'ors, which he opened before them, and placed one of them before Gerrard. 'Now, sirs,' said Matthieu, turning to the guests, 'we will not trouble you any further; *we shall not want your assistance to count them out this time.*'

"The guests departed one after another, not a little chagrined at this unexpected turn; and Matthieu explained to Gerrard that the money was his right; that he had kept it for him, that it might not fall into such bad hands as his former treasure. All now was joy, but it was *Joy with Tranquillity;* and Gerrard, delighted with the wisdom, as well as with the honesty of his friend, begged him to keep it for him, and that he would

draw for what he might have occasion.

" Matthieu and Gerrard continued neighbours and friends; their little fortunes increased; and at length their children intermarried, to the satisfaction of the old people, who, undisturbed by any excess of passion, felt only *Joy with tranquillity.*"

" Oh dear! what a funny face!" cried Henry, as Mr. Willock turned over the leaf.

" It is, my dear," said he, " the face of

LAUGHTER.

" Laughter is produced by joy mixed with surprise, the eyebrows rise towards the middle of the eye, and bend down towards the side of the nose. The eyes are almost shut,

and sometimes appear wet, or shed tears, which make no alteration in the face. The mouth, half open, shews the teeth; the corners of the mouth drawn back, cause a wrinkle in the cheeks, which appear so swelled as in some measure to hide the eyes; the nostrils are open, and all the face is of a red colour. Laughter is at all times ungraceful, therefore you will observe, that vulgar people are most addicted to it: well-bred persons manage this passion better; they seldom do any thing more than smile. Yet at times, it will happen that something we meet with is so truly ridiculous or comical, that we cannot by any means help laughing. There are, however, some persons who are so much of idiots, that they will laugh at the most trifling thing

in the world; of this description were

The Family of the Gobblegruels.

"Lord Gobblegruel, who was very rich, had arrived at that title purely by having done some service to the government as a contractor. His lordship had but very few ideas beyond a common sum in arithmetic. My lady Gobblegruel was just as ignorant, only much more proud and affected, though, to tell the honest truth, she was originally his lordship's father's cook.

"There was a numerous family of them. There was his lordship, the right honourable lady Gobblegruel, the honourable Master Thomas Gobblegruel, and the honourable Miss Boadicea Gobblegruel.

"You will wonder, my dear children, that there should be such characters as these among persons of rank; and the truth is, that, generally speaking, in this country, persons of rank are persons of education, of good sense, and of elegant and refined manners; yet here and there, up starts a peer without politeness, and a baron without brains.

"To proceed then—the honourable master Gobblegruel was what some coarse people would have called a *natural;* at any rate, he most certainly was a *natural curiosity.* Master Gobblegruel's whole pleasure and employment was driving pigs: and to be sure, no salesman in Smithfield market understood pigs better; he could tell you whether a pig with a curly tail was better than a pig who

had not a curly tail, or than one that had no tail at all; but what was a more excellent accomplishment in our little master was, that he could squeak as naturally as that animal; and which species of entertainment being according to the taste of the family, he was often called upon by the right honourable lady Gobblegruel to perform for the amusement of the right honourable lord Gobblegruel in the drawing-room. (Henry could scarcely refrain from laughing).

"Master Gobblegruel was not only one of the greatest idiots, but also one of the greatest gluttons in the world; he was formed very much like a pig himself—I mean one that was well fattened; for he was nearly as thick as he was long; his cheeks were so plump and round, that they

almost hid his eyes, which were very small; but master Gobblegruel had another extraordinary accomplishment—he could perform Punch to the life, which he used to do in the housekeeper's room, to great audiences of the servants, and with prodigious applause. It was really very amusing to see the son of a nobleman with a short stick in his hand, knocking, as he pretended, his wife Joan on the head, squeaking *toote, toote, toote,* and nodding and winking exactly like his famed original.—(Henry could not resist *Laughter* any longer).

"The honourable master Gobblegruel was so ungraceful at table, that he disgusted every body; you might see him take up the bone of a fowl, which he would gnaw and suck with

so much avidity, that the grease would run down the sides of his mouth, into which he would also constantly put his knife instead of his fork; and when he drank, you might see the greater part of his face through the glass.

"One day in particular, master Gobblegruel made a more than commonly ridiculous figure; he had got the end of a drumstick of a fowl in his mouth, which upon being reminded by some person present was vulgar, he transfixed immediately between his teeth, sitting bolt upright, and grinning like his honourable father's pug-dog, to the infinite amusement of all the servants. The young gentleman would not however part with the bone. (Henry burst into a fit of *Laughter.*)

" I must now," said Mr. Willock, " for the benefit of the young ladies, describe the honourable Miss Boadicea Gobblegruel, who in shape and figure was the counterpart of her honourable brother.

" Miss Boadicea never looked at any thing; she always stared; she was excessively vulgar, and was ignorant, in spite of education. She was, too, always laughing; and when she did laugh, she might be heard from the drawing-room into the kitchen; nor was there half a note difference between the laugh of Miss Boadicea and the laugh of the cook-maid. Miss Boadicea was nearly as coarse in her manners as her brother, but much more ill-natured and satirical. Master Gobblegruel would not offend any body, unless they

spoke against pigs; and Boadicea had a constant antipathy to merit in distress, or meanness in apparel; and though she sometimes deigned to assist, it was always done with the features of pity proceeding from contempt: but let us have done with this disagreeable monster; I see, my dear Caroline, that you already despise her. Another laughing character calls our attention.—I will describe him in the following story.

The History of Charles Banter.

"Charles was the son of a gentleman of very moderate circumstances, who had, however, found means to send him to Eton College, where he distinguished himself very early, not only by being the best

scholar of his age, but one of the best-natured boys. When Charles was *fag*, he went through that service without a murmur; he was always as merry as a grig. If his schoolfellows beat him, he only laughed all the time; in short, Charles was what they called a fine fellow: but he had a very great fault, and that was an inclination to entertain himself continually with that disagreeable amusement of schoolboys, called *quizzing;* he used to quiz the master, quiz the mistress, quiz the inhabitants, and quiz the strangers. Charles, therefore, though he was admired as a clever boy, was not loved, and indeed had many enemies; for there are very few people who like to be laughed at. Charles Banter's propensity was

often attended with disagreeable consequences, and was a grand obstacle to his success in life. Charles was at home one vacation, when a distant relation, who happened to wear a wig, was on a visit to his father.—The old gentleman took particular notice of Charles; and having no children of his own, had left him a very handsome fortune. Charles ought, you will say, to have had a little prudence, but he could not resist the propensity to quiz. The wig was the object of his amusement; and he contrived one day, before the old gentleman put it on, to slip into his room, and pepper and salt all the curls; so that when he came down to dinner, he set the whole party at table sneezing. At length the joke was discovered; and

as nobody was present on whom the slightest suspicion of such an indecency could fall, except Charles, the question was put to him, and the colour in his face pleaded guilty; in short, he confessed the joke; for Charles, to speak fairly of him, disdained to tell a lie. His father, who was not a very sensible man, was indiscreet enough to join in the laugh, and to take no farther notice of the affair. It was not so with the old gentleman; he never visited the same table afterwards, and to his will added the following codicil:—'To master Charles Banter, for the seasoning of my wig, *five shillings*.'

"You will see by this event, my dear children, that it is your interest as well as duty, to pay respect to age; for old people can serve you by

their experience, even if they have not money to leave you; you may fly to them for advice, and the attention you pay them is *never lost.* But there is a still worse character, and that is him who enjoys mischief, and who takes a pleasure in cruelty; he laughs too, but his laugh is the smile of malice. Such a wicked character was Tom Worry, who was the son of a gentleman, and who had begun very early to make war against the poor harmless animals and insects who came unfortunately in his way. To torment and to destroy was his whole delight; and a poor innocent cat was the particular object of his cruelty; and, what is very extraordinary, it was to the having hunted one of these poor animals into a cellar, that he owed all the *scratches*

he afterwards received from ill-fortune; for while he was amusing himself in this way, he was joined by a *vulgar* boy ten times more wicked than himself, and who exulted with him in the distress of poor puss: this boy ingratiated himself into his favour, prevailed upon him to run away from his friends, led him into a great many very serious scrapes, and was at length his utter ruin.—Surely, my dear children, we need only to reflect for a moment on the nature of the pain we inflict, to turn from wanton cruelty: how should we like to be hunted into a corner, by creatures stronger than ourselves, and pelted by them with stones and dirt? we should think it very hard usage. If any ill accident assails, how altered are our features,

how wretched, how distressed do we appear, what agony do our features express at the pain of a broken or dislocated limb! Let us see if Le Brun has described this sensation—yes, here it is.

ACUTE PAIN.

"See how the eyebrows approach each other, and rise towards the middle; the eyeball is hid under the eyebrow; the nostrils rise, and make a wrinkle in the cheeks; the mouth half opens, and draws back; all the parts of the face are agitated, in proportion to the violence of the pain.

"I think, my dear children, that I can tell you a story, which will, in its incidents, comprise several of the situations and passions which follow,

in this book of Le Brun. I had it from a French lady, and it is called

The Mother and her little Family.

" A scholar of the University of Basle, named Henry D'Orange, and who was the only son of the rich Marquis D'Orange, was riding one day towards a small town, when, as he approached, he observed a great number of people gathered together, at the end of a narrow street. The scholar rode up to them, to inquire into the cause of the tumult, when one of the persons, an honest shopkeeper, who happened to be standing on the step of his door, made answer, ' Ah, sir, a poor unhappy woman is the cause of all this disturbance.'—' How so ?' said the

scholar.—'You don't know, sir,' returned the honest merchant, 'how well this good creature deserves the pity of the poor people who are her neighbours, and who would willingly go to the greatest extremities to relieve her, did she not herself forbid it, and entreat them not to interfere with the course of justice.'—'I cannot yet comprehend you,' answered the young scholar; 'what has happened to her?'—'Many misfortunes, sir, one after another.—She is a widow; she has six children; she lost her husband after he had been confined a year to his bed. I think, sir, that I see him now; his eyebrows drawn together; the eye as if fixed on some object; the nostrils raised, making a wrinkle in his worn cheeks; the mouth half open-

ed and drawn back; and every part agitated in proportion to what he suffered.'

"Behold," cried Mr. Willock, "the picture.

SIMPLE BODILY PAIN.

"But to go on with the story—'So, sir,' continued the merchant, 'the poor young man died; and in about two months after that event, his widow was delivered of her sixth child. These misfortunes were on the heels of each other; and the expences of interring her husband swallowed up the whole of her little money. Her landlord, a man of a hard heart, and cruel disposition, would not give her time to pay a twelvemonth's rent, which was in arrear. It is only fifteen days since

he told her, with the most savage cruelty, that if she did not pay the money in a few days, that he would seize her furniture, and turn her into the street. He has kept his word; to-day the huissiers or bailiffs have surrounded the house of this poor woman, and have taken every thing, even to the cradle of the poor innocent at her breast. The neighbours having found out what was going on, assembled together immediately, and would probably have soon put an end to the power of these harpies of justice, if this good creature had not entreated them to desist. Ah, sir,' continued he, 'this is but a poor place; we are all distressed here, or she should not want assistance.' The young stranger listened to the narrative with great attention, and

begged him to proceed. 'You may judge, sir, how much this amiable woman is beloved, and she deserves it all. In her better days, she never heard of distress without endeavouring to relieve it; if any one of her neighbours was sick, she was always their nurse; and she attended to these duties without neglecting her aged father, who is still alive, though near an hundred years of age, or forsaking the attention due to her little ones. During the lifetime of her husband, who was a dealer in stuffs from Marseilles, all that she could save beyond what she thought superfluous to their situation, she used to bestow in charity upon her poor neighbours.'

"Henry, who was so much affected that the tears ran from his eyes,

now dismounted, and in an animated tone desired the shopkeeper to show him the way to the dwelling of the poor woman. 'Conduct me,' said he, 'to the house of this respectable widow, who deserves a palace instead of a prison, and who ought to find a protector in every friend of humanity.' Such was the noble appearance of Henry, and the generous expression of his countenance, that the crowd instantly made way for him to pass through to the dwelling of the widow.

"Henry presently arrived at the habitation of misery, and which had been but a little time before the abode of conjugal felicity. He was struck with astonishment at the scene which presented itself; he found the interesting female, of whom he had

heard so much, surrounded by her little ones, who were crying, while she was endeavouring to console and comfort them with every mark of tenderness and affection, regardless of her own distress.

"Let us see, my dear children, if we can find the picture of this good mother. It is—it is the face of

SADNESS.

"See her full of anxiety and sorrow, yet calm and resigned to the will of Heaven. Notice the dejection; the eyebrows rise towards the middle of the forehead more than towards the cheeks; the eyeball appears full of perturbation; the white of the eye is turned yellow; the eyelids are drawn down, and a little swelled; all about the eye is

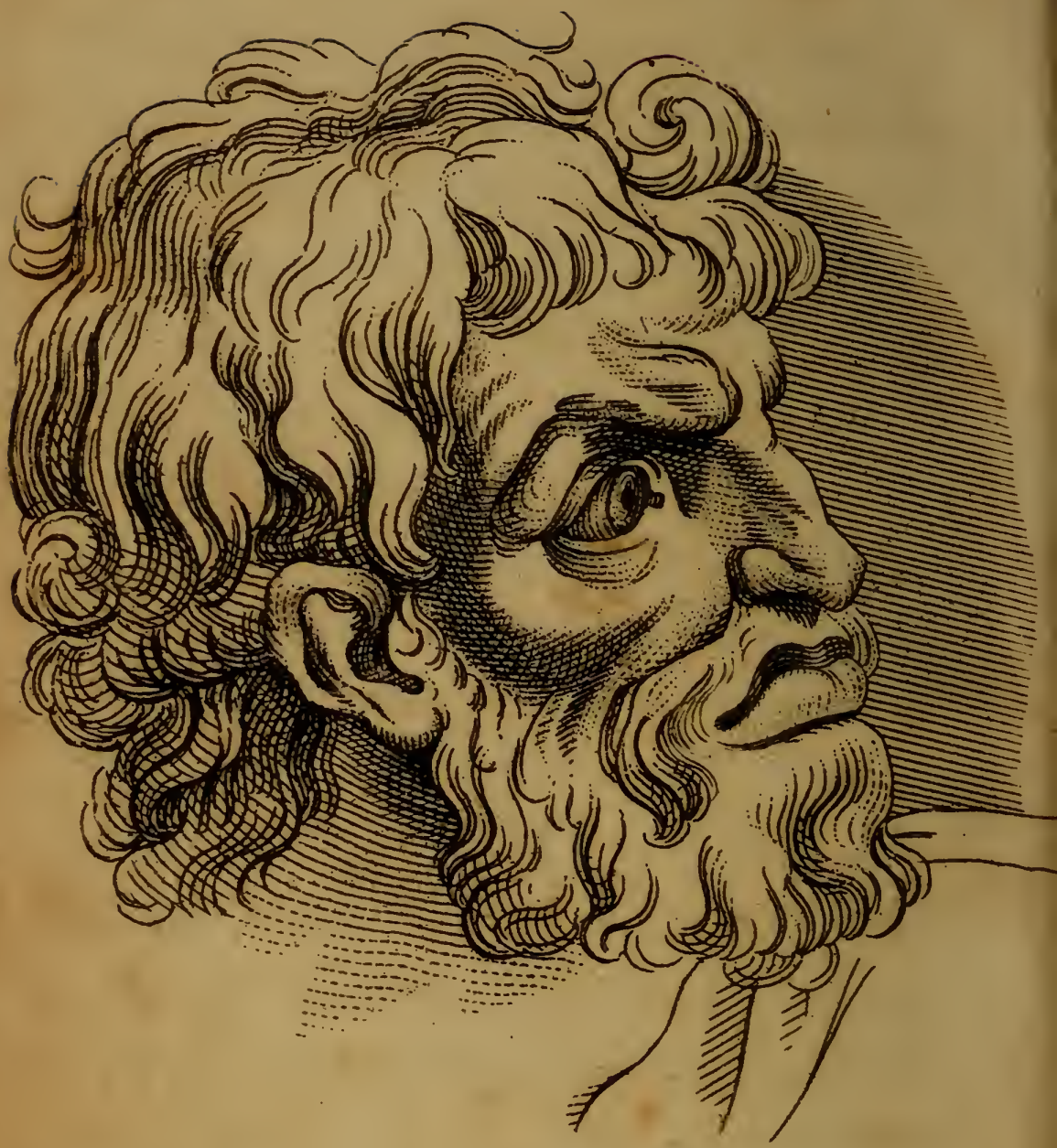
livid; the nostrils are drawn downwards; the mouth is half open, and the corners are drawn down; the head carelessly leaning on one of the shoulders; the face is of a lead colour; the lips pale.

"Who," my dear children, "can view this amiable countenance, without feeling interested for the object, a mother, and in sorrow—a mother in want—a mother in despair.

"The poor dear woman seems to be without the most distant prospect of relief; without the most remote chance of meeting with a friend; without means of extricating herself and her little ones from ruin; yet she ought not to despair, for *Providence, when none appears, can find itself a way.*

"There were two of those un-

happy beings in the world, whose profits and enjoyments arise out of the distresses of their fellow-creatures—two huissiers, as they are called in France, or what we call sheriff's officers; yet these people, my dear children, are necessary in the community, to preserve property, and to cause us to act with justice to each other; and when their unpleasant office is performed with decency and mildness, they do not deserve disapprobation. It happened, however, that the two officers who were in the poor widow's room were of that description who debase the very nature of man, by rapacity and cruelty, and who, hardened by constant scenes of misery, commit every possible outrage on the distressed and friendless.



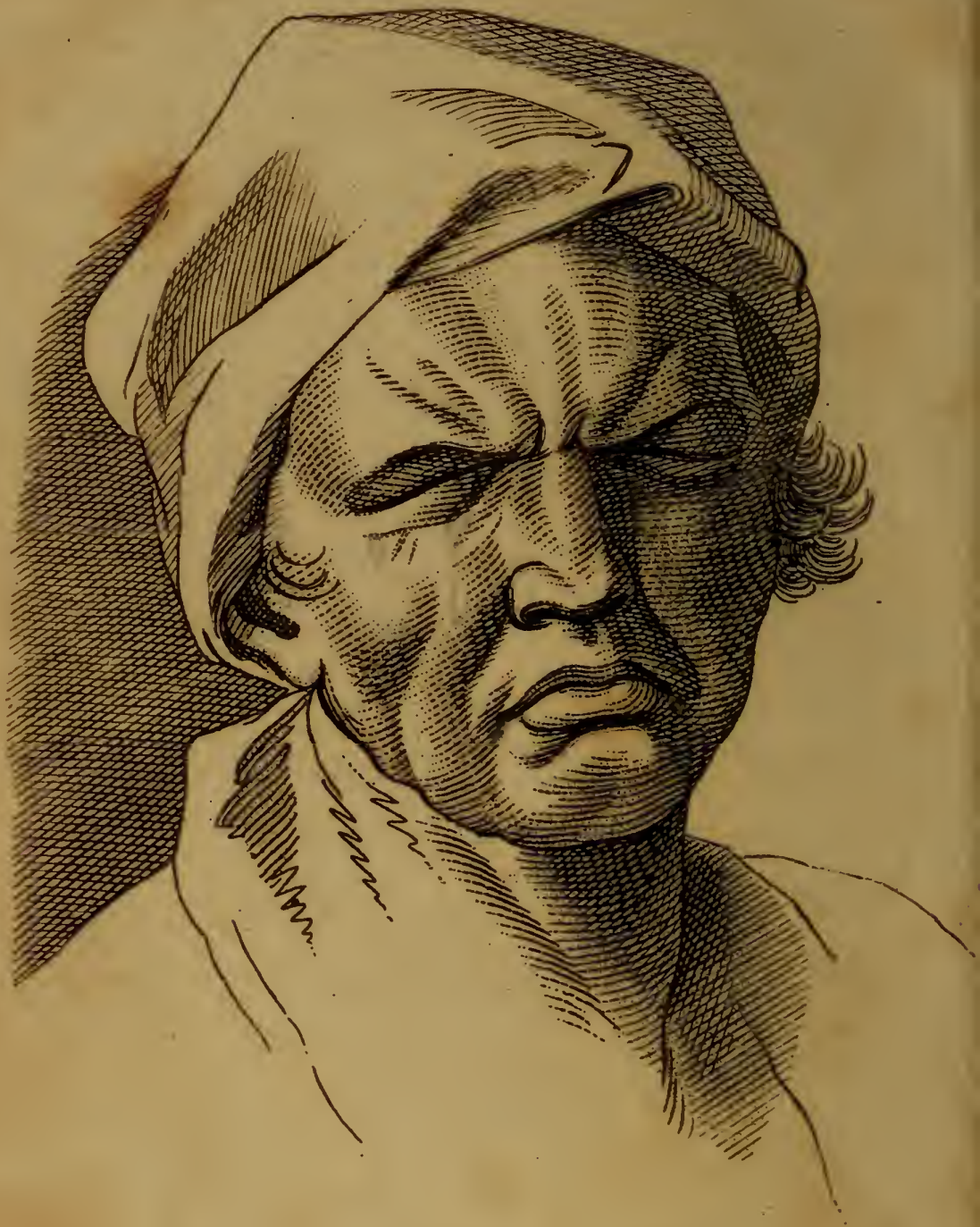
" See them busily employed, taking an inventory of the little effects of the poor widow, with an unfeeling composure, that disgraced even their profession. Here is the portrait of one of them, full of officious consequence and contempt for poverty. To the applications which are made to him by the poor widow for lenity, his hard inflexible features present only the face of

SCORN;

and here are its lively and strong features. The forehead wrinkled; the eyebrows knit; the side of it next the nose drawn down, and the other side rising very much; the eye is very open, and the eyeball is in the middle; the nostrils rise and draw towards the eyes, and make wrinkles

in the cheeks; the mouth shuts, its sides sinking down, and the under lip is pushed out beyond the upper one. With what detestation do we view such a face as this!

"The scholar, mute with astonishment and terror, was some time before he addressed these harpies. He gazed first at the widow, whose interesting countenance engaged his attention, then at the children about her, and then on the officers—'How much, sir,' cried he to one of them who was writing at a table, 'does the debt amount to?'—'I should like to know what business it is of yours,' answered the bailiff, in a surly tone, still continuing to write, without deigning even to look at the person who addressed him. 'You are mighty curious,' continued he; 'what busi-



ness is it of yours how much the woman owes? I suppose that you wont pay the money for her, will you?'

"The scholar's attention was now taken off by a heavy sigh, which he found proceeded from the breast of an aged man, who was seated in an old elbow chair by the fireside. It was the poor widow's father, mourning for her sorrows, and grieving for her distress; for as far as respected himself, he had but little care. He was near eighty years of age. Here is the countenance of the poor old man; it is the face of

WEEPING.

"The alterations that *Weeping* causes are very strongly marked. The eyebrows sink down towards the middle of the forehead; the eyes

are almost closed, wet and drawn down towards the cheeks; the nostrils swelled; the muscles and veins of the forehead appear; the mouth is shut, and the sides of it are drawn down, making wrinkles in the cheeks; the under lip, pushed out, presses the upper one; the face is wrinkled and contracted; its colour is red, especially about the eyebrows, the eyes, the nose, and the cheeks.

"Is it not a pity, my dear children, that the latter years of a good old man like this should be disturbed with grief—that an old man should weep? The young scholar thought so too, for he sighed at this scene of accumulated distress; but his attention was soon awakened to another object. One of the officers (for they were determined to seize every

thing in the room) took a little sleeping infant from its cradle, and laid it rudely on the floor, snatching away at the same time the clothes on which it had been laid.

"Henry was rouzed with indignation at this brutal conduct, and stood in need of all his moderation to prevent his instantly giving the wretch the chastisement he deserved; but he restrained his passion, and contented himself with throwing his purse on the table, demanding again, in a lofty tone, the amount of the debt? The sight of the gold produced an instantaneous effect on the mind of the principal of the officers, and which discovered itself as promptly in his face; he replied in a more civil tone, that ten louis was the amount of the sum demanded

for the rent and expences. Henry ordered him immediately to prepare a receipt, which he did.

" When the money was paid, our young noble scholar exultingly *lifted the little infant from the floor, and replaced it in the cradle.*

" Henry stood a minute over the child, which smiled as if conscious of its protector's presence. Henry surveyed its features as it lay. Let us seek for his countenance at the time. Are not these, my dear children, his features? is not this the delightful countenance, the beauteous face of

COMPASSION?

" The lively attention to the misfortunes of another, which is called *Compassion,* causes the eyebrows to

sink towards the middle of the forehead; the eyeball to be fixed upon the object; the sides of the nostrils next the nose, to be a little elevated, making wrinkles in the cheeks; the mouth to be open; the upper lip to be lifted up, and thrust forward; the muscles, and all the parts of the face sinking down, and turning towards the object which cause the passion.

"Yes, this is indeed the portrait of the scholar looking at the infant in the cradle. What an assemblage of the noblest sentiments of the human mind produce *Compassion*—love, tenderness and care for the object—self is for the time totally forgotten. How different, my dear children, is this face from that of the surly bailiff!

"The officers now took their leave, with each a servile bow, when the poor widow, overcome by the kindness and generosity of the young scholar, fell upon her knees, and invited her little children to do the like, that they might thank God for having sent an angel to their succour; while the old man, who was sitting by the fireside, lifted up his hands in a silent prayer to Heaven, and wept for joy.

"The young scholar embraced the mother and all her little ones, among whom he generously distributed the remainder of the louis in his purse, and then took his leave, promising to see them again very soon.

"Henry mounted his horse amidst the acclamations of the people, who had surrounded the house, and had

heard of the way in which he had employed his time. *Dieu vous benira,* 'God will bless you,' was reiterated from every mouth.

"The young scholar kept his promise, for he often visited the cottage of the poor widow, and represented her amiableness and situation in such lively colours to the marchioness his mother, that she took the whole family under her protection, placed them in a little way of business, and helped them until by their own industry they had made themselves independent.

"This, my dear children, was true generosity. The object was worthy: the donor had the means to make happy; none were injured by the gift; no just claims were left unpaid, and a poor family were made happy.

"This narrative will show you also, my dear children, the power and goodness of the Almighty, who, by his Providence, ordered it so, that what appeared to the poor widow as her greatest misfortune should turn out to be the very means of affording her and her children a future provision, and that much more ample than she could have expected. Thus, my dear children, '*Providence, when none appears, can find itself a way.*"

Mr. Willock had no sooner finished his story, than he had the pleasure to observe his young people occupied in very serious reflections on what they had heard. "My dear children," said he, "I am very much pleased for the attention you have paid, and for the interest you have taken in

the misfortunes of the good widow. I shall leave you to enjoy the thoughts of her good fortune, and of the change produced in her affairs by the generosity of the young scholar. To-morrow evening, I will tell you a story of another kind, where I shall have to represent to you some of the worst of the passions of the human mind, such as you will hate and detest, when you see their ugliness and deformity."

The next evening Mr. Willock resumed his office of lecturer, and was fully attended by the young family.

"I am now," said he, "going to tell you a story, in which the passions of horror, terror or fright, anger, hatred or jealousy, and despair, will be represented; it is called

The Wicked Baron, and Nicholas the Honest Wood-cutter.

" In the South part of the forest of Dean, in Gloucestershire, there lived, many years ago, a poor wood-cutter, named Nicholas; he was not more than thirty years of age, of a handsome figure, lusty, and strong. Nicholas was rough and sturdy as an oak, but bent as tenderly to the tale of distress as the gourd to the wind; he was apt, it is true, to be a little ill-tempered at times, and somewhat sour; besides being a little rude and unfashioned in his manners; but somehow or other, so finely delineated were the characters of nature and truth in his mind, that the outlines might be seen in his face, whenever distress or misfortune claimed his protection.

"Nicholas had a wife named Gertrude, and she was naturally a good woman, though she would fret and scold whenever they happened to be poor, which was no uncommon case with them: they had nothing but hard labour to trust to for support, and had a young boy to provide for; besides, it unfortunately happened for both of them, that Gertrude was the daughter of a once-wealthy farmer, but who had been ruined by a murrain among his cattle. Gertrude had therefore received a little better education than Nicholas, who could, however, read and write, a great wonder in those days, and which he owed, when a boy, to the kind instructions of a good old monk. Gertrude, who recollected her father's happy board, was rather

out of temper with her situation, and so foolish, as to be constantly wishing for riches, and pining after wealth, which was never likely to come to her share.

"It happened one night, after Nicholas had returned home from work, and finding Gertrude cross, that something like the following conversation took place between them; but, my dear children, you must avoid this manner of speaking, which is only used among poor country people.

'My dear, how ill-tempered you are!' cried Nicholas.—'I may well be ill tempered,' replied Gertrude; 'this is the last meal we shall have this week.'—'That is more than you know, my dear,' answered her husband.—'I am almost famished, I am,'

cried Gertrude.—'Look at the poor cat, and make yourself happy, my dear,' replied Nicholas.—'Well, there's your supper,' cried Gertrude, taking a small piece of meat from the pot.—'Supper do you call it,' answered Nicholas; 'why there's scarcely enough to bait a mouse-trap: but wont you take a bit, my dear?' —'I shant touch any of it,' answered Gertrude, peevishly.—'Well, for my part,' replied Nicholas, 'I'll say grace even for this morsel.'

"Nicholas said all he could to put his wife in a good humour, but was not lucky enough to succeed. She took it into her head that he was bantering of her, and began to sob and cry, reproaching him with bringing her into poverty.—'But it serves me right,' cried she. 'I might have

married a rich yeoman, so I might, and have had plenty, that I might.'— 'Shu, nonsense,' answered Nicholas. 'To throw myself away upon a chopper of wood,' cried she; 'and there too, we have had to bring up that idle boy, because, truly, you found him laid in the forest one night.'— 'Now don't say a word about that,' answered Nicholas, 'or I shall get as ill-tempered as yourself, out of mere good nature.'

"While the wood-cutter and his wife were scolding in this way, some one knocked loudly at the door, when after some more words about who should open it, Nicholas went, and a stranger very elegantly dressed entered the cottage. It was a tempest, and the night very dark.

'Good people,' said the stranger,

'will you afford a traveller shelter from the storm?'—'Willingly, sir,' answered Nicholas.—'Very willingly, sir,' interrupted Gertrude; 'wont you be pleased to sit down, sir?'

"The stranger was the rich Norman Baron de la Braunch.—'Well,' cried he, 'Nicholas, how does fortune use thee?'—'Roughly enough, sir.'—'Heaven knows,' replied Gertrude.—'Who told you to speak?' interrupted Nicholas. 'My wife, sir, is always grumbling; she must, forsooth, be longing after riches; and though I don't remember, by the goodness of Providence, that we have ever wanted a meal, yet she is always talking about starving.'—'Ay, ay, nobody knows what I suffer, I am sure,' replied Gertrude; 'I might have married a rich yeoman,

that I might.'—'Come, come, good people,' cried the Baron, 'be better tempered with each other: and do you think, good woman, that riches would make you happy?'—'That they would, sir,' answered Gertrude; 'for rich folks can eat and drink whatever they've a mind to, and can dress as they please; and then they can feed ever so many poor people, and can make ever so many folks happy.'—'Ah, ah, so they might, wife,' answered Nicholas, 'and yet not be happy themselves, after all.'—'Well now, I can't see how that can be,' replied Gertrude. 'I am sure I should like hugely to be rich, and to have a castle, and forests, and deer of my own, and plenty of servants.'—'And you are quite certain that you would be happy if you were

rich?' repeated the Baron.—'Yes, sir,' cried Gertrude; 'and I would never scold my poor Nicholas any more, for he is as good a creature as ever was in the world, though I was angry with him just now; and to say the truth, I do not believe that he could have got any more work to-day if he had tried ever so; but when one is poor, and there is no meat in the pot, one is apt to be a little vexed and cross.'

"Nicholas wiped his eyes at this kind atonement of his wife Gertrude.

"The Baron went into a deep reverie—the storm was over—the Baron arose, he pulled out a purse and put it into Gertrude's hand, and then wished them a good-night.—

Nicholas offered to see him through the forest, but he declined the offer.

"The instant the Baron had left the cottage, Gertrude run to the lamp to examine the purse; it was full of gold coin. 'Blessed St. Anthony,' cried she, 'what is this? all gold! Nicholas, look here; see what Providence has done for us.'—'Ay, I told you so,' answered Nicholas, 'and you are always grumbling.'—'Nay now, don't be cross, Nicholas,' said Gertrude, 'when we've had so much good luck; look at it, Nicholas, 'tis all pure gold. I'll have a new dress, and I'll go and wake poor Henry, and tell him that he shall have a new coat.'—'And what am I to have?' cried Nicholas.—'You shall see us all clean and happy.'—'Thank ye,' answered the ho-

nest wood-cutter, 'that's all I want.' —'And we will have a good piece of meat in the pot to-morrow,' cried Gertrude.—'And I am sure you wont sleep to night,' answered Nicholas.—'That I shant,' said she: 'well, who knows what good luck is to follow?'—'Peace, Gertrude,' cried Nicholas, 'may not this money be a temptation?'—'May it, Nicholas?'—'Who knows?' said Nicholas. —'If I thought so,' answered Gertrude, 'I would not touch it.'—'Come, come,' cried Nicholas, 'while it don't make us covetous after more, and lead us to do wrong, we shall have nothing to fear. For my part, I shall work the same as ever; but don't grumble, Gertrude.'—'You shall never hear a cross word from me,' answered Gertrude.

" Thus did these poor cottagers end their discourse, and both sat down to supper, pleased and happy; but they could neither of them rest at night for thinking of their riches.

" Very different sentiments disturbed the repose of the Baron; he had arrived at the height of his ambition; he was one of the richest knights in the kingdom; enjoyed a good fame, and had the favour of the king: yet he was not happy; he was a miserable wretch; the honesty and dignity of a good mind was wanting; he was restless and disturbed in the possession of wealth, and would almost have parted with the whole of it, again to have been innocent.

" One day, about a twelvemonth after this time, Nicholas was at work

in the woods, with his boy Henry. A stranger had inquired for him at the cot; Gertrude had directed him to the place where Nicholas was felling trees. On the stranger's approach, he heard a man scolding—'What,' cried he, 'do you think I am to keep you for nothing, you little lazy monkey? why don't you get another withy, and bind up these faggots?'—'I am at work, as fast as I can,' answered the boy, 'but you are so cross. If you are tired of keeping me, I'll leave you tomorrow, and seek for support elsewhere.'—'Leave me, that you shant,' cried Nicholas; 'I found you in the forest one night, laid on the turf, a poor helpless brat; humanity made me take you in; and though I am apt to be sour at times, I have enough

of the same humanity left to prevent your ever being turned out.'—'You have, indeed, been very kind to me,' answered the boy.'—'Well, shake hands, Henry,' said Nicholas, 'and think no more of what has past.'

"When the stranger entered the close, he addressed Nicholas--'Come,' said he, 'you must leave off and go with me.'—'Truly not I,' said Nicholas, 'for I have not quite done.'—'No matter, thou must go to the cottage. I have good news to tell thee.'—'Nay, if that be the case,' said Nicholas, 'it is worth half a day's work; so here's pack up.'—Nicholas proceeded with the stranger, and the boy Henry followed.

"On their arrival at the cottage, Gertrude welcomed her husband home, and prepared a place for the

stranger, who prefaced what he had to say with some remarks on the extraordinary changes and vicissitudes of human life; and then inquired if they remembered a stranger, of more than common appearance, who had visited them one stormy night, about a twelvemonth before?'

"Nicholas and Gertrude both answered him, and told him of the present they had received from that person.

'Now,' cried the stranger to Nicholas, 'I know that thou art truly the man whom I seek; prepare to go with me to the castle of La Braunch, thou, and thy wife and family.'—'Indeed, sir, you'll excuse me there,' cried Nicholas; 'I shall not stir out any more to-day.'—'Do not be so obstinate,' replied the stranger,

'for know, that he who gave you the money a twelvemonth since, was the Baron de la Braunch.—He is dead, and you are heir to all his rich demesnes.'—'I don't rightly understand you,' answered the woodcutter.—'The castle, the lands, all his real and personal estate, is thine.'—'My dear, don't you understand the gentleman?' cried Gertrude.—'Not I, in good faith,' answered Nicholas.—'Why, don't you know that you have come to be a rich man, and that the rich Baron has left you all that he was worth in the world?'—'It is true, indeed,' answered the stranger; 'I am witness to the will. When the Baron was dying, he desired a scroll of parchment to be brought out of his library; his order was instantly obeyed—"This scroll,"

said he, fixing his eye steadily upon it, "is my will. Thou wilt find," said he, "in the forest of Dean, a solitary cottage, inhabited by a wood-cutter and his wife. The name of the wood-cutter is Nicholas; the name of his wife is Gertrude. These people are poor; they wish for riches, and they *shall be* rich; they shall be the heirs of the Baron de la Braunch; who knows, perhaps to them riches may be a blessing."—The Baron affixed his seal to the parchment, and soon after expired in the arms of father Benedict.

'Well,' cried Nicholas, 'and what will become of me? What can I do with all these riches?'—'Do with them; leave that to me,' said Gertrude, quite overjoyed.—'I don't want to be put out of my way,' said

Nicholas.—Poor Gertrude, in the innocence of her heart, stopped the mouth of her husband—'Dear Nicholas, do not affront the gentleman; I am sure that I should like to be a lady very much; and to be sure I did think that there was something very odd in the stranger's behaviour to us that night, and took it into my head that he would do something for us, though to be sure I did not think that he would die and leave us all his wealth; but this gentleman would not say so if it was not true; so, Nicholas, if you must be a rich man after all, why you must not mind a little trouble.'—'Well,' replied Nicholas, 'if it must be so, there's no help for it.'

"The stranger had provided a cloak, with a hat and a sword, with

which he accoutred the poor wood-cutter; and also a decent robe, which he threw over the shoulders of Gertrude.

"Nicholas would not go without the boy Henry; so they shut up the cottage, and set out together. It was late when they arrived at the castle; they were conducted to a room provided for them, by the direction of the stranger, who was the Baron's esquire Hathbrand, when having caused one of the wardrobes of the Baron to be opened, he selected such of the plainest dresses as he thought would best become Nicholas, Gertrude, and the young boy Henry. Gertrude was, however, very desirous of being fine, and was also much pleased with the attention of

Ranetrude, the waiting-woman appointed to attend on her.

"Doric the old steward, Jonas the butler, and all the rest of the servants, were ordered to get themselves in readiness the next morning, to attend the reading of the Baron's will, and to receive their new master.

"The story was already spread abroad, that the Baron had left his immense wealth to a poor woodcutter; and numerous were the remarks and low witticisms on the subject, from old Doric, Jonas, and the other servants, as they waited in the hall, among the numerous tenantry of the Baron, to hear the will read, and to receive their new lord.

"At length Nicholas and Gertrude,

attended by Hathbrand the squire, and Ranetrude, entered the hall.—Nicholas saluted the domestics and tenants without awkwardness, and stept forward without dismay.

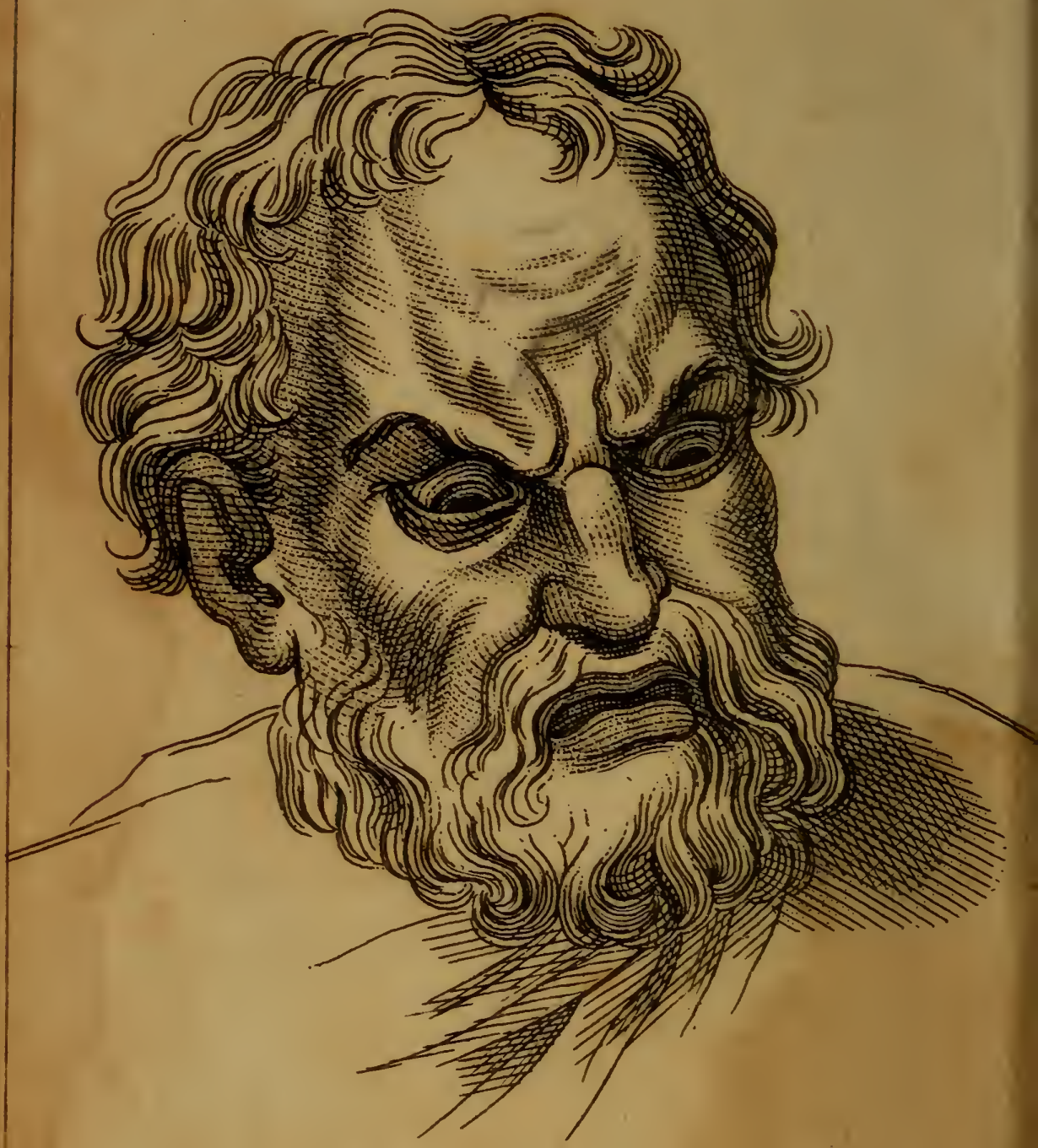
"Hathbrand held the parchment in his hand; he spoke—'My friends, peace be with you all; I here produce the will of the late Baron de la Braunch. Attend—" Know all men, that I the Baron de la Braunch, do give and bequeath to Nicholas le Blanc, of the forest of Dean, all the real and personal estate of which I now stand possessed, on condition that he visits the third chamber in the western turret alone, there to unlock the chest which contains the title-deeds, and that he never divulges the secrets they will unfold." The third chamber in the western

turret had not been used for many years, as the eastern part of the castle had been inhabited by the Baron.

"Nicholas ascended the western turret alone, and after some difficulty opened the door of the third chamber, when he entered, and discovered in a remote corner a large iron chest, the key of which was hanging near the entrance. Nicholas attempted to open it; at length by an effort he succeeded; he lifted up the lid, and took out a large scroll of parchment. Nicholas read—'*The title of the Baron de la Braunch to these demesnes is murder!*'

"Nicholas let fall the scroll, but recovered it again; he run into the gallery, and then stood motionless.

"And now, my dear children," said Mr. Willock, "let us find some-



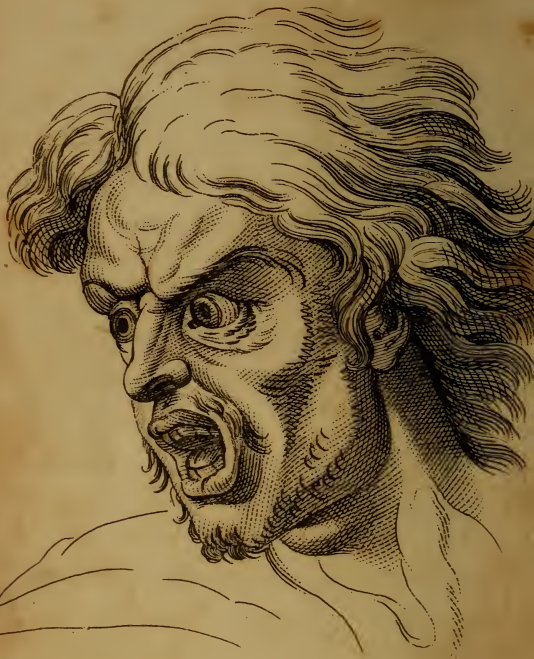
thing like the face of honest Nicholas, when he was reading how bad a title he had to the riches bequeathed him. Here it is, expressive of his abhorrence of the crime, and of the object who left him his wealth. This is the face of

HORROR.

"An object despised, says Le Brun, sometimes causes *Horror;* and then the eyebrow knits, and sinks a great deal more; the eyeball placed at the bottom of the eye, is half covered by the lower eyelid; the mouth is half open, but closer in the middle than the sides, which being drawn back, make wrinkles in the cheeks; the face grows pale, and the eyes become livid; the muscles and the veins are marked.

"But to continue—While Nicholas was gone to the western turret, refreshment was prepared in the hall, and Gertrude and Henry waited anxiously for his return to partake of it with them. The honest old steward and Jonas the butler had not been sparing of expence on the occasion; so that the entertainment was as superb as if the Baron had been alive. They had begun to like their new master, who was a bold generous fellow, and they were determined to show him all the respect and homage they could, notwithstanding he had been a wood-cutter.

"They were waiting in suspense for Nicholas; presently his steps were heard descending the stairs quickly. He entered in great agitation---'Gertrude,' was all that he could say; his face was the face of



as represented by Le Brun. The violence of this passion alters all the parts of the face; the eyebrows rise in the middle; its muscles are marked, swelled, pressed one against the other, and sunk towards the nose, which draws up as well as the nostrils; the eyes are very open; the upper eyelid is hid under the eyebrow; the white of the eye is encompassed with red; the eyeball fixes towards the lower part of the eye; the lower part of the eyelid swells, and becomes livid; the muscles of the nose and cheeks swell, and these last terminate in a point towards the sides of the nostrils; the mouth is very open, and its corners very apparent; the muscles and

and veins of the neck are stretched; the hair stands an end; the colour of the face, that is, the end of the nose, the lips, the ears, and round the eyes, is pale and livid. Such was the face of honest Nicholas. He fell into a chair, and let drop the scroll.

'Heavens! what ails my poor Nicholas?' cried Gertrude; 'speak, speak to me, Nicholas.'—'Let us to our cottage, Gertrude,' replied Nicholas, 'let us to our cottage!'—'What ails you, my dear Nicholas?' said Gertrude, feeling his hand. 'Oh dear, how cold!'—'Read, read!' said Nicholas.

"Hathbrand took up the scroll and read—'*Know, thou who longest after riches, that the title to these estates is murder;* the infant heir to

these demesnes was on Christmas night, now fourteen years since, left to perish in the forest of Dean.'

'What is that?' cried Nicholas; 'read it again; as I live, the very night I found our poor Henry.'—'The very night indeed,' repeated Gertrude.—'Are you sure of this?' interrupted Hathbrand.—'Most certain, sir,' replied Nicholas. 'I remember the night very well; it was bitter cold. Oh dear! oh dear! this is all Providence! this is all Providence!'

"Nicholas embraced Henry: Gertrude embraced him also.

"Henry wept; he understood all that was said; he took the hand of Nicholas—'Thou hast fed me,' said he, 'out of thy scanty pittance; thou must not leave me, Nicholas.

I have no friend that I know of, but my dear Nicholas.'

"Nicholas consented to remain in a cottage near the castle, but refused to be rich. Gertrude had no longer any desire to be rich.

"Hathbrand and the servants were delighted to find their young master so noble and gallant a youth, and immediately did him homage.

"As they were speaking of these surprising events, father Benedict entered; he brought with him Hugo, a wretch whom the Baron, in his confessions, had accused of being his accomplice, and who had left the child to perish in the woods; he was strongly guarded, but denied the charge; he bid defiance to the power of his accusers, and insisted that the Baron had died in a state of insanity,

"Surely here are the features of this bravo, full of defiance and resentment; is it not the face of

ANGER?

"The effects of anger shew its nature; the eyes become red and inflamed; the eyeball is staring and sparkling; the eyebrows are sometimes elevated, and sometimes sunk down equally; the forehead is very much wrinkled, with wrinkles between the eyes; the nostrils are open and enlarged; the lips pressing against one another; the under one rising over the upper one, leaves the corners of the mouth a little open, making a cruel and disdainful grin.

"The Baron had, however, confessed his own wickedness, and the

cause of his cruelty towards the infant. The facts were these. The Baron Hubert, who was ordered to Palestine, left his wife lady Bertha, and his child Edward, under the protection of his friend, the Baron de la Braunch: lord Hubert was killed in the crusade, and his lady died soon after, leaving the infant under the guardianship of the Baron, who fearing that one day the child would be likely to succeed to his father's possessions, it became hateful to him. The mind of the Baron was set upon the wealth of his deceased friend; he was constantly jealous and disturbed at the sight of the infant; he had laid a plan to destroy it.—What a dreadful situation it must have been to have had a mind like his! When once such wicked ideas

are entertained, there is an end of all rest, of all enjoyment, and of all comfort. The face represents the storm that agitates the breast. It is horrid even to look at it. How does Le Brun describe it?

HATRED, or JEALOUSY.

"This passion wrinkles the forehead; the eyebrows are sunk down and knit; the eyeball is half hid under the eyebrows, which turn towards the object; it should appear full of fire, as well as the white of the eye and the eyelid; the nostrils open, more marked than ordinary, and drawn backward, so as to make wrinkles on the cheeks; the mouth is so shut as to show the teeth, and very much sunk down; the muscles of the jaw appear sunk; the colour of the

face is partly inflamed, and partly yellowish; the lips pale or livid.

"The infant was taken into the woods by Hugo, where it was left to perish; and the wicked Baron soon contrived to persuade the domestics that the child had died of a fever; and had even a mock burial, the better to deceive them.

"But, my dear children," said Mr. Willock, "if the former was the countenance of the wicked Baron before he committed the crime, how did it appear now? instead of finding that he could enjoy his riches, his mind was full of horror and dismay; his anguish became extreme; his face appeared not only deformed but hideous; the forehead wrinkled from the top to the bottom; the eyebrows bent down over the eyes,

and pressing one another on the sides of the nose; the eyes seemingly on fire, and full of blood; the eyeball disturbed, hid under the eyebrows, sparkling and unfixed; the eyelid swelled and livid; the nostrils large, open, and lifted up; the end of the nose sunk down; the muscles, leaders, and veins, swelled and stretched; the upper part of the cheeks large, marked, and narrow towards the jaw; the mouth drawn backwards, more open at the sides than in the middle; the lower lip large and turned out, he gnashes his teeth, foams, bites his lips, which are pale, as is the rest of the face; the hair is strait, and stands an end; such was the picture of the wicked Baron, the picture of

DESPAIR.

"What a dreary thing, my dear children, must be despair—afflicted by an accusing conscience, and bereft of hope! What would this wicked man have given, after he had parted with his ill-gotten wealth, to have found the child alive! but that felicity was denied him living; he was to die in affliction.

"The wicked Hugo was taken to prison to await his punishment.—But let us turn to a more agreeable subject—the honest wood-cutter, who could refuse all the allurements of wealth, because it was ill-gotten; even his wife Gertrude, who loved riches, disdained to enjoy them on such terms. What a lesson does this afford to us to be noble in mind, and to resist temptation! The good

do not feel any of the violent passions; they are moderate and temperate in all they do; they are undisturbed, and through all the changes of life may depend on that Providence, the recollection of which occasioned the great and good Jonas Hanway, who founded the Marine Society, to use the motto—'*Never Despair.*'

"Never, then, my dear children, suffer your young minds to long after riches, when they cannot be purchased by fair and honest means; for you may rest assured that it is much better to prefer,

"*The wise man's choice, by which you'll find,*
No wealth is like a quiet mind."

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